

# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CLXX.

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## SUMMER UNDERGROUND.

A boy came into the Tube with roses,  
Roses, roses, fragrant and red;  
We were many and we were dead,  
Half asleep, as a dead man dozes,  
Earth at his feet and earth at his  
head.  
But a boy came into the Tube with  
roses,  
Crimson roses, dewy with rain.  
He was ragged and round and smiling,  
He looked up with an air beguiling,  
"Will ye buy roses?"—Oh, we were  
fain—  
They were fragrant, fragrant and red.  
Then we waked, we were living  
again.  
We came suddenly back from the dead,  
For a boy came into the Tube with  
roses,  
Crimson roses, dewy with rain.  
*Ethel Talbot.*

The Academy.

FROM THE CHINESE OF PO-CHU-I.  
(A.D. 772-846.)

## THE FEAST.

In crowds along the street, with pomp  
and pride  
Upon their richly-harnessed steeds  
they ride,  
The Mandarins in bright official dress,  
The Generals clad in purple. Numberless  
Their hurrying horses gallop to the  
feast,  
Bright as a cloud at sunrise in the  
East.  
The very dust upon the road doth  
shine  
With gleams from gold and crimson  
trappings fine.  
Now at the banquet they are gathered, where  
From furthest seas and lands are  
dainties rare—  
Fruit from the Ting Tung orange  
trees, and fish  
From Heaven's Lake, in many a splendid dish.  
Jolly at heart, with faces flushed and  
red.  
They feast upon the fare before them  
spread.

With priceless wines their golden cups  
o'erflow,  
And as they drink, their mirth and  
laughter grow.  
This year, not far to the East, there  
fell no rain.  
Men eat each other in the South domain.

The Nation.

*L. Pearsall Smith.*

## TO A MYSTIC.

Pour atteindre cet état sublime de l'union  
il est indispensable de traverser la nuit obscure . . . du renoncement à toutes les  
jouissances de ce monde. —La Montée  
du Carmel, St Jean de la Croix.

You dwelt alone, from men apart,  
In cloistered cell,  
And whence the joy that filled your  
heart  
No one might tell.

The habit rough, and meagre food,  
Such were your lot,  
And an unbroken solitude  
By all forgot.

You trod the pathway steep and hard;  
Penance and pain  
Wasted the body frail, and scarred  
With scourge and chain.

But in your hands and feet you wore  
The Wounds of One  
Whose cup you drank—Whose Cross  
you bore—  
Till life was done.

Not yours to win the diadem  
Of this world's fame,  
But you had touched the Garment's  
Hem  
Bright as bright flame.

You heard the words men may not  
hear,  
You saw the trail  
Of glory far beyond this sphere,  
Through the rent veil. . . .

Only I know that ere your eyes  
Could see that Light,  
You journeyed where the darkness lies  
Deeper than night.

*Isabel Clarke.*

The Dublin Review.

## THE AMERICAN FAMILY.

The place which the family occupies as a social unit has, in the last fifty years, distinctly narrowed. The lessened worth of the family, as a social unit, may be interpreted by reference to the current doubt regarding the happiness which the family creates and conserves. For much doubt is expressed regarding the happiness of the American home. Ask, even at a wedding, the ordinary guest whether there are more happy than unhappy marriages, and the answer will likely be that the unhappy marriages exceed the happy ones. Whatever might prove to be the truth,—if the truth it were possible to learn,—the simple fact that the belief is as it is, is significant. The belief or doubt of one individual regarding the happiness or unhappiness of the American home may be only a reflection of the personal conjugal condition of the one speaking. An answer, too, that might be based more upon observation than upon experience. But I believe that the supposition is quite rife that the marriage which is distinctly happy is exceptional. I, for one, do not believe that the distinctly happy marriage is exceptional, but the supposition is so common as to awaken serious foreboding. It is commonly thought that the number of marriages which are disappointing in that they give more misery than was anticipated is greater than the number of those which give more blessedness.

The interpreter of social and domestic phenomena may justly comment upon this condition by saying that such a conclusion belongs to the progress of all affairs human. Such a conclusion marks the movement from youth to age, from a noble and hopeful promise to imperfect fulfilment. The condition is not unique. What merchant gets the wealth he anticipated? What law-

yer secures the practice which he believed was assured? What doctor is as useful to the community as he thought he would be? What minister serves the people as nobly as he anticipated? The promise of the dawn of life and of career is not usually made good in the afternoon. The condition, therefore, of marital unhappiness should not be charged up as a debt against the family, but rather should be interpreted as a condition of human character and service.

The moralist may also be permitted to say that happiness is no more the supreme purpose of the family than it is the supreme purpose of the individual. Epicureanism, however highly refined or broadly conceived, does not represent the final cause of the building of domestic altars. The enlargement and enrichment of personality, the proper training of children, the performance of the duty owed to general society in making contributions for its betterment, represent the causes of the foundation and of the continuance of the family far more important than is the happiness of the family. Therefore, even if the family has failed to secure happiness, it has not necessarily failed to secure advantages of far greater worth.

But the philosopher might be allowed to say that the home which is not happy is seldom able to make any worthy contribution to the social wealth of the community. It is not able, usually, to give a proper training to children. It also commonly serves to narrow and to deplete, to render acrid or bitter the personality of its older members. Happiness may be an unworthy purpose for the foundation and continuance of the home, but happiness seems to be a necessary condition for the home to secure results which are

more precious than happiness. Happiness is the soil in which the flowers of the gentle ministry of love, of self-sacrifice, of enriched and beautiful personality come to their sweetest bloomings.

But I venture to believe that most homes are less unhappy than the current interpretation judges them to be. And I also believe that the number of homes which are unhappy is less large than commonly thought. Even if there be one divorce for some six marriages, as is the fact in the State of Indiana, in certain years, it is not to be forgotten that there are six marriages for only one divorce. Divorce is still exceptional. It is also to be borne in mind that reports of domestic happiness do not get into the newspapers. The reporter's pencil has no affinity for the happy home. The happy home is quiet and orderly. Certain types of domestic infelicity and irregularity are anything but quiet and orderly. They are blatant and hysterical. For them the reporter's pencil has a distinct and immediate affinity. The ideal of a happy home is, I believe, more constantly and more fully realized than are the ideals entertained in youth of obtaining wealth or fame or any other forms of what are called success. Have we a right to put on the home a unique and exceptional demand for the realization of its dreams? For the home does not stand alone as a social institution. It is constituted by individuals. It bears the impress of their character. It is placed in the social order and environment; it is touched by this environment, invested by this order. It in turn helps to form the personalities which constitute and continue to maintain it, and it also in turn aids in the promotion of the social welfare. On the whole is it not true that the home is finer in sentiment, richer in noble feeling, more worthily self-contained and more nobly successful in

securing the supreme ends of humanity, than are the single persons who form the home or who make the social relations which constitute its environment?

But although all this may be true, it is nevertheless also true that the home has in these last years suffered a decline as the source and centre of the best life. The causes of this decline, occurring in recent years, go back into time not recent. The causes go back into the Protestant Reformation.

The Protestant Reformation was the greatest movement for individualism in human society which the world has ever known. It was not simply a religious movement; it was not a protest against ecclesiasticism, but, though the movement was aimed directly at ecclesiasticism, through ecclesiasticism it was a movement aimed at the freedom of the individual life. It was a protest against domination over the personal intellect or over the personal spiritual life. It resulted in the elevation of the individual heart and mind as against the sentiment and faith Universal and Catholic. It substituted the judgment of the individual for the judgment of a hierarchy. The Reformation and the Renaissance united to give a new spirit of liberty and of culture, and this spirit of liberty and culture touched individuals far more than institutions. Both the Renaissance and the Reformation have resulted in the elevation of the individual and the decline of the family as a social unit. The distribution of the Bible in the vernacular gave the German and the English people the most advanced opportunity in recent centuries of emphasizing the right of private judgment and the responsibility of each man for his intellectual and moral character. The advent and the spread of the Puritan idea made the personality of each person outstanding. Bacon and the Cartesian philosophers em-

phasized the duty of each man to search out the truth for himself. In poem and tractate Milton pleaded for the liberty of the individual. Locke, indirectly through his sensational philosophy, and directly through his essays on government, placed the single man and not a dogmatic system as the centre of social and legal order. The French philosophers of the middle of the eighteenth century, and especially Rousseau, followed the earlier English metaphysicians in their tendency to elevate the individual above social institutions. Transferred to the new world, the individualism of the Renaissance and of the Reformation flowered into a political democracy, and a political democracy in turn developed a more intense form of individualism. The political principle upon which was waged the contest of the American colonies for independence—that government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed—was the development of the social principle of the supremacy of the individual. The assertion of the Declaration of Independence that all men are created equal was simply the application of a current French notion of the equality of individuals, as the assertion of theinalienable right of liberty was simply the application of a current English notion of individual freedom. This theory the French Revolution stretched to such a length that it broke into pieces. The American Revolution so conserved the theory that it built on it the State and social order.

It cannot for an instant be doubted that the advent and development of individualism have contributed to the decline of the home as a social unit and force. The historic progress and movement are evident, but the potency of other forces now existing, contributing to a similar result, is no less evident.

Education, in its lower and higher

ranges, has come to be the dominant force in modern life. Through the public school and private, through the university and the college, either endowed from public funds or by private beneficence, are created the strongest forces affecting public opinion and happiness. The teacher of the public school represents the single remaining force of our age by which the State primarily seeks its own conservation. The State may, through various tests, determine what men shall, as lawyers, or as practitioners of medicine or of dentistry, be regarded as capable of caring for the important interests of the commonwealth. But the State makes no attempt to require a professional education of a certain number of citizens, yet the State does absolutely determine that every child shall, for a certain number of weeks of each year and for certain years of his life, attend the public school. The teacher, therefore, represents the most significant force of the civil power. But education, be it remembered, is a matter in, of, and for the individual. The education of the primary school and of the university seeks to train the individual in that most important principle discovered or applied in the realm of education of the last fifty years, known as the elective principle. The elective principle is based simply and only upon the character of the individual. In education the family and the school exist for the individual; and it is only in other relations than educational that the individuals exist for the family and for the State. The presence, therefore, of education, as the most potent of all social forces, has resulted in the appreciation of individualism and in the depreciation of the family.

Modern life, too, has contributed toward a similar result through its enlargement. For modern life has vastly enlarged the sphere of the individual. Each individual is or may be a world-

citizen. Wherever he lives, in hamlet or metropolis, in prairie village or in national capital, he may know the world. The newspaper each day offers him the news of Australia, Sweden, South Africa, and Brazil. His table is spread with food gathered from Texas, from the wheat-fields of the north-west, the orange groves of California, and the banana trees of the Tropics. The famines of India are of interest to him, and the revolutions in China or Turkey make direct appeals to his enthusiasms or indignations. These knowledges and conditions represent an increase of interest in things outside the home, and help to explain the decline of interest in things inside the home. But be it remembered that these interests are the interests of the individual. Such interests, thus organized and constituted, result in the narrowing of the home as a centre of life.

I do not doubt, moreover, that the greater independence of woman, constantly growing in the last fifty years, has resulted in a decline of interest on the part of women in the life of the family. The sphere of her activities has enlarged, and these activities themselves have become more significant. Seventy-five years ago the household and the schoolhouse were the two hemispheres in which women could fittingly work; to-day in almost every business and profession women are engaged. What she does not do is far easier to indicate than what she does attempt. The whole movement known as "Woman's Rights" is specially significant. This movement was, and is, in many ways nothing less than superb. In many respects it has on its side all the virtues and the veracities and the verities. But be it said clearly and emphatically it was, and is, a movement for and of individualism. It was, and is, a movement to give to the women of the family certain presumed

rights and opportunities and to impose on them certain duties and obligations which the men of the family had formerly exercised or performed. I am not saying but that this movement is, on the whole, wise and good, but I do say that the movement has resulted in a prominence of individualism which has, at least indirectly, resulted in the subordination of the family.

To yet one more cause of the decline of the importance of the family in recent times I wish to allude. This cause I shall call a decline in the sense of social or conjugal duty. The sense of industrial duty has, I think, distinctly lessened in the last decade. The ordinary workman at the trade does not take that interest in his work which he formerly took. The aesthetic and ethical sense of doing his job well has suffered. A similar decline is evident in respect to the family. Both men and women are less inclined to regard marriage as a duty than in the earlier time. The single life is, for most people, and especially for men, easier than the married life. The married life, in the duties which it imposes on each member of the pair, who constitute this life, respecting the proper rearing of children, is a life of serious responsibilities. The joys of the life are magnified, made more rich and ennobling, but the obligations of the life are made correspondingly binding and serious. From the assuming of such obligations many persons conscientiously shrink. They prefer to offer their contribution to human force through the independent work of the office than through the dependent work of the home. The unwillingness, therefore, to assume certain duties, serious for the individual, serious for the home, and serious for society, represents a relative decline of the family.

By reason of these causes—the individualizing force of the Protestant

Reformation, enlarged education, the complexity of modern life, the lessening of the social or conjugal duty—the value of the family, as a social unit, has suffered a great decline. A man who wishes or works for the betterment of the race must sorrow over such a decline.

The position now occupied by the family is indeed far higher than that occupied by the Jewish family in the time of Christ, or by the Greek or Roman family in the first Christian century, but the position in the United States is lower than it has been in 250 years. In social, religious, ethical, and personal value it is still great, but the value is less great than it has been at any period.

The purpose is, therefore, made evident of the restoration of the family. In the securing of this purpose I wish to point out certain methods.

A stricter and more constant use should be made of what may be called the legal sanctions for the establishment of the family. These legal sanctions are of the simplest sort. They arise from the relation of the family to the social order. This social order has an interest in the establishment of each home. Therefore marriage is not to be regarded as an affair of simply two individuals. It has relation to society and to humanity. Publicity, therefore, should attend the solemnization of every marriage. In order, furthermore, to give assurance of the fitness of marriage, its solemnization should represent forethought and deliberation. It were well if not a day, as is the law in most States, but if at least a week should intervene between the legal authority giving his consent to the solemnization of marriage and the solemnization itself. Moreover, it were well to do away with what is now known as a common-law marriage. Such a recognition, in some instances, may result in the relief of certain con-

tracting parties, but, in general, the law creates more abuses than it relieves.

The family, also, should receive the support of what I shall call social distinction. Its members should determine that its place in the social order should be great. Knowing that the destruction of the family aids in the disintegration of the general social bond which constitutes society, its members should labor for its perpetuity. The home may be called, adopting the term of biology, the social cell. Society from this cell is created. Every part, therefore, should be made to maintain the integrity and to promote the progress of this primary social force. At this point, the will of the two members which essentially constitute the home has the greatest value. Every home may be maintained if the members will to maintain it. Any home may be destroyed if either of the two members will to destroy it.

The third support in the restoration of the home to its proper place and function is found in what may be called the domestic sanctions. These sanctions are constituted largely by the children of a marriage. The stress and strain to which the conjugal tie is subjected when that tie unites only a husband and a wife, is great. The stress and strain to which the conjugal tie is subjected when that tie unites, not only a husband and wife but also children, is yet greater than when it unites husband and wife only; but be it said with firmer emphasis that the strength of the tie itself is increased by far greater strength than is the stress and strain increased through the presence of children. If one should say that marriage is formed for the sake of children, it is also true to say that children are created for the sake of the perpetuity of the wedlock, out of which they spring.

Advancing civilizations are in peril of becoming declining social stages by reason of a diminished birth-rate. The diminished birth-rate obtaining in France and in early native stock of the United States is the cause of public lamentation. This diminished birth-rate is more conspicuous in families of the Protestant than of the Roman Catholic faith. The blessing of the Roman Catholic priesthood upon a numerous progeny is more abounding than obtains among the adherents of the Protestant religion.

The lack of children among what are known as the educated classes is most evident. In the six classes of Harvard College from 1872 to 1877 inclusive, 634 members had at a recent date married. In 1902 the surviving children of these marriages numbered 1,262—that is to say, the members of the classes who have married, together with their wives, have just practically reproduced themselves; or when one considers that 28 per cent. of the members of these six classes are not married, it is evident that the educated people do not reproduce themselves. This condition obtaining in recent years at Harvard College was not unique, for at Wesleyan University, Connecticut, the average number of children to each marriage from 1833 to 1840 was 4.5. In the decade from 1841 to 1850 it was 3.3; in the decade from 1851 to 1860 it was 3.2, and in the decade from 1861 to 1870 it was 2.6. The average number of children for each graduate, not for each marriage, in this same decade was 2.4. For the four decades under review the number of children for each marriage was 3.4. The current lamentation regarding the small size of the better American family is in part reasonable and in part unreasonable. The American family should, under ordinary conditions, perpetuate or more than perpetuate itself. The ordinary

family should also bear children, in order to secure not only its perpetuity but also its integrity. The number of children, however, born to a family is of less consequence than that there should be children born to the family. The personal responsibilities which parents assume in bringing children into the world are so great that they should not become fathers and mothers unless they are ready to bear these responsibilities *willingly*. It is also to be remembered that the highest happiness of the family in and for itself may be, to a degree, sacrificed under the power of the procreative impulse.

From the sanctions of religion, moreover, great help should be derived in the restoration of the family. For the family as an individual, religion possesses inherent worth. A marriage which is interpreted as having relation only to the two parties contracting it, is in dire peril of dissolution. Marriage which is interpreted as having relation not only to the two parties contracting it, but also to the social order, is in less peril of dissolution; but the marriage which is interpreted as having relationship not only to the two parties contracting it, and to the social order, but also to ultimate being, gives grounds for the strongest assurance of its permanence. From the earliest time religion has contributed to the growth from polygamy and polyandry into monogamy. In certain stages and at certain times the religious interpretation of marriage has been blind or ferocious. In India the religious interpretation has been the cause of hideous abuses; but, on the whole, religion has been the mightiest force making for the highest type of marriage.

It should be said that the Roman Catholic Church has, on the whole, accomplished far more for the perpetuity of the marriage rite and for the integrity of the family than has the Protes-

tant. From that extreme view which the Reformed Confession adopted touching marriage as a civil rite, which became of peculiar significance in the United States, there should occur a vital and fundamental reaction. If the Protestant communicant is not prepared to affirm with the Catholic that marriage is a sacrament, he can, at least, grant that marriage is sacramental. For, as Pope Leo XIII., in an encyclical issued in 1880, said: "For Christ Our Lord raised matrimony to the dignity of a sacrament; and matrimony is the contract itself, provided only that it be lawfully made. In addition to which, matrimony is a sacrament for this reason, that it is a sacred sign conveying grace, and presenting an image of the mystic nuptials of Christ with the Church. But the form and figure of these is expressed by that bond of perfect unity by which man and wife are joined together, and which is nothing else but matrimony itself. Therefore it is evident that every lawful marriage between Christians is in and by itself a sacrament; and nothing can be more opposed to truth than that the sacrament is but an ornamental addition, or a character imparted from without, which may be separated and disjoined from the contract at will."

It were well if such teaching in essence were adopted by members of the Protestant Churches.

But the help that is of abounding value and of lasting worth in the restoration of the family lies in the personal sanctions. By the personal sanctions are meant the relationship of the two persons who unite themselves in marriage. Whatever may be the worth of the other sanctions, legal, social, domestic, religious, the worth of this simple sanction is greater than the value of all others. The home that is founded on economic marriages, or upon marriages representing social

functions and conveniences, or upon passion, is doomed to destruction. Marriages which, in a word, are based on love, give promise, and they alone give promise, of lasting permanence and of noble enrichment. Such domestic unions are spiritual. In them the element of sex is necessary, but from this element the consciousness of sex soon vanishes. Such domestic unions represent unity of heart and intellect, of will and of conscience. Such marriages, moreover, represent the primary element of equality; each member of the union is *par inter pares*. Out of such conditions of spiritual unity and equality permanence is assured. Marriage that is thus based upon love represents the highest state to which a man and woman can attain. Its felicity has been well interpreted by John Stuart Mill. In his book on the subjection of women, Mill says: "What marriage may be in the case of two persons of cultivated faculties, identical in opinions and purposes, between whom there exists that best kind of equality, similarity of powers and capacities, with reciprocal superiority in them—so that each can enjoy the luxury of looking up to the other, and can have alternately the pleasure of leading and being led in the path of development,—I will not attempt to describe. To those who can conceive it there is no need; to those who cannot, it would appear the dream of an enthusiast. But I maintain, with the profoundest conviction, that this, and this only, is the ideal of marriage; and that all opinions, customs, and institutions which favor any other notion of it, or turn the conceptions and aspirations connected with it into any other direction, by whatever pretences they may be colored, are relics of primitive barbarism. The moral regeneration of mankind will only really commence when the most fundamental of the social relations is placed

under the rule of equal justice, and when human beings learn to cultivate their strongest sympathy with an equal in rights and in cultivation."

For the restoration of the family to the place it should occupy in human society, I know of no better methods than those which are embodied in the proper relations of marriage to the civil law, in the increasing of the social obliga-

*The Hibbert Journal.*

tions embodied in wedlock and family, in the domestic sanctions which marriage imposes, and in the religious duties and opportunities which it represents; but, besides these sanctions, love itself is fundamental. Without it, the other helps for the restoration of the family are of small value; with it, the other supports gain in worth.

*Charles F. Thwing.*

### THE BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT.

During the siege of Mafeking a boy came through rather a heavy fire with a letter. Colonel Baden-Powell said to him, "You will get hit one of these days, riding round like that when the shells are flying." The boy replied, "I pedal so rapidly, Sir, they would never catch me." He was the first of the Boy Scouts, and that boy's spirit is the spirit which actuates hundreds of thousands of similar boys throughout the world to-day. Nothing in the long history of boyhood has established so rapid and powerful an influence as this new order of youthful chivalry. Every day the numbers of the boyish army obtain fresh reinforcements, and the measure of its value finds continual illustration in the contrast between the boys who are still outside and those who are within the movement.

This contrast is too easily appreciable to need elaboration at this stage. A more vivid idea of how the leaven is actually working in our midst will be gathered from the episodes quoted later on, which illustrate in a remarkable degree the meaning of the movement for the community at large. It is erroneous to suppose, or even suggest, that its military aspect is the sole *raison d'être* of the Boy Scout organization, or that the mere fostering of the military spirit is the force which makes more appeal to the youthful mind than

anything else. In reality all boys are naturally chivalrous and romantic and imbued with a longing to do great and noble deeds, but it needed a soldier with a trick of playful genius to kindle this latent desire into a driving impulse.

The movement really began three-and-a-half years ago when Sir Robert Baden-Powell gathered around him some twelve lads, transported them to Brownsea Island in Dorset, and there held his first Scouts' camp. At that time no distinct uniform was worn, the only distinguishing mark being a scroll badge bearing the now famous motto: "Be Prepared." These lads were taught the method of playing at Indians and Knights of King Arthur. They were instructed in woodcraft, told how birds may be distinguished one from the other, and trained to fathom the great secrets which Nature reveals to those who study her. Shortly afterwards Sir Robert addressed meetings in the provinces and gave forth to the world his scheme, the whole object of which is, to use the Chief Scout's own words: "To seize the boy's character in its red-hot stage of enthusiasm, and to weld it into the right shape, and to encourage and develop its individuality, so that the boy may become a good man and a valuable citizen for our country."

Once the lead was given, the boys did the rest. To Mr. Colbron Pearse belongs the honor of raising the first troop at Hampstead. A second troop was started in Putney; and so rapidly did the movement command itself to the rising generation all over the kingdom, that in April of that year the organization found itself strong enough to start the publication of a journal of its own, *The Scout*. This weekly paper was not only to be the official organ of the movement, but it was hoped that its sale might yield a profit which would contribute towards the rent of the headquarters office. One thing the publication of *The Scout* certainly did: it gave an enormous stimulus to the movement. At the time the first number appeared there were probably some fifty "troops" in existence throughout the country; before six months had elapsed the organization rallied to its standard some 80,000 boys.

Perhaps it ought to be explained that the patrol is the unit of organization in the Boy Scout scheme. It consists of some six or eight boys under a senior boy as patrol-leader. A troop comprises not fewer than three patrols, and each patrol-leader is given full responsibility for the behavior of his patrol at all times. The patrol is the unit for work or play, and in camp each patrol is camped in a separate spot. The boys are put "on their honor" to carry out orders. Responsibility and competitive rivalry are thus at once established, and a good standard of development is ensured throughout the troop.

All over the country numerous isolated patrols leapt into being with a rapidity which showed plainly that the whole boyhood of the country had been roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm. Before a year had passed a hundred thousand Boy Scouts had become students of "manliness." The idea caught

on. It grew and spread, and troops of Boy Scouts can now be found from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Cape to Cairo, Russia, Japan, Holland, Chile, Smyrna, Servia, China, Finland, Morocco—everywhere.

It is not difficult to find the reason of this success. In the first place, boys recognize in scouting a game that is far more fascinating than football or cricket, a game which can be played at all seasons, in town as well as in the country, indoors and outdoors; a game that builds up the system, and, while providing an intelligent form of recreation, develops the character and brings out the good that is in him. The scheme is so attractive, so full of romance and fascination that a boy throws his whole heart into the business; and so, unconsciously perhaps, he shapes his destiny.

It is through the Scouts that a boy is led on to the paths of success, and is enabled, instead of striving after the unattainable, to make the best use of the material at hand. Scouting contains that element of romance, combined with a suggestion of possible danger, which boys love. It is "helpful" because it is no half-hearted scheme. It does not deal with a boy on a Sunday only, as if he had a soul with a body of no importance, or with the blissful forgetfulness of the influence of the body on the soul.

It may be interesting at the present stage to analyze the scheme in all its bearings, and to show its simplicity and its extraordinary practicability. Hitherto the village lad and the town-bred boy were allowed, when out of school, to drift, perhaps, into evil surroundings and associations, to become loafers or "wasters"—mostly unambitious and mostly useless to fight the world's battle just for the natural term of their lives. Their school tuition had probably done its best in its own particular sphere, but it is the after-

school-hour problem that is beset with so many difficulties. And this is where the scheme steps in.

It helps boys on leaving school to escape the evils of "blind-alley" occupations, i.e. van and newspaper, caddie or messenger work, such as give the boy a wage for the moment, but which leave him stranded without any trade or handicraft to pursue when he is a man, and so send him as a recruit to the great army of unemployed, or unemployable.

The loafing youngster presents himself at the, usually, unpretentious headquarters of a local troop of Scouts; no matter who or what he is, he is welcome; the bigger the hooligan the more welcome he is, and straight-way his initiation begins. He is immediately told that there are certain things he must learn before he is allowed even to call himself a "Tenderfoot"—the very first grade of a Scout. He must make the Scout's promise, become familiar with the Scout Law, understand the composition of the Union Jack and the right way to fly it. He is soon taught to expect nothing for nothing, for he is required to purchase his uniform and provide himself with the whole of his outfit at his own expense. The uniform is smart and workman-like. His hat is of the cowboy style. Coatless, he wears a khaki-colored shirt of thin serge. Around his neck is a colored handkerchief, a lanyard and a whistle. Trousers give place to "shorts" supported by a leather belt around the waist, on to which is hung a handy knife and pouch. His knees are bare. He wears stockings, turned down below the knees, held in place by garters of green braid. On his back is a haversack, and in his right hand he holds his Scout's staff, marked in feet and inches to enable him to judge height and distances, and for feeling the way more quietly at night.

The ceremony of enrolling a Scout is picturesque and interesting. At the meeting at which the lads are enrolled, each boy is called forward and makes promises "on his honor"

To be loyal to God and the King.

To help others at all times.

To obey the Scout Law.

Saying these words he stands at the salute, with his raised hand to the forehead, palm to the front, thumb resting on the nail of the little finger—the three upraised fingers are to remind him of the three points of his promise. So he stands, proud and with a high heart beating beneath his shirt, wholesome, clean, typical of chivalry and knighthood. The secrets of the Scout Law are then unfolded to him. It is a creed of honor and chivalry, comparable to the code of the Knights of the Romantic Ages. Here it is:

1. "A Scout's honor is to be trusted." That is to say, if a Scout says, "On my honor it is so," it is so.
2. "A Scout is loyal to the King, to his officers, his country and his employers." This is the very essence of good citizenship.
3. "A Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others." In other words, he must be prepared at any time to save life or to help injured persons, and to do a "good turn" to somebody every day.
4. "A Scout is a friend to all, no matter to what social class he may belong." A Scout is never a snob; he accepts the other man as he finds him, and makes the best of him.
5. "A Scout is courteous."
6. "A Scout is a friend to animals."
7. "A Scout obeys orders." Whether these orders are from his parents, patrol leader, Scoutmaster, or anyone placed in authority over him, he must obey orders instantly, and without question.
8. "A Scout smiles and whistles under all circumstances."
9. "A Scout is thrifty."

## 10. "A Scout is pure in thought, word and deed."

Above all he is impressed with the sacredness of his obligation to help others; to lose himself in the general good without sacrificing himself or failing in his duties to those immediately related to him. Of the manner in which the Scouts carry out their vows, the files of newspapers, both here and abroad, afford many instances. The recorded cases of life-saving total many figures, and already no fewer than five bronze Crosses (the highest award), 110 silver Crosses, and 110 Badges or Merit for Gallantry have been awarded by the Chief Scout.

An incident that occurred recently is worth relating. A man—out of work—committed suicide in the River Nidd at Harrogate. Two Scouts, seeing the body in the river, at once swam out to it, but were unable to bring it to shore. Assistance was, however, immediately forthcoming, and the body was taken to the mortuary. At the subsequent inquest the Coroner warmly commended the lads on their pluck, and handed them five shillings. "Please, sir, can the money be given to the widow?" asked the Scouts. On the Coroner assenting, the amount was immediately handed over. It is practically certain that a year ago, when they were not Scouts, the thought would never have occurred to them.

The movement seems to fill a gap in our educational system. It gives our lads an ideal to live for. It breeds in them an unselfish enthusiasm for courage, self-denial, self-control and all the manly virtues. They are free from what schoolboys call "pl-jaw."

In short, the Boy Scout has a chance of getting into his mind and heart a *morale* like the *morale* of our big public schools.

During his period of probation as a Tenderfoot he gets a thorough grounding in the elements of Scouting. He

is coached in elementary first-aid and bandaging, signalling by semaphore and the Morse code, map-reading, etc. Practically all the work is done out of doors, which is after the heart of every lad. He studies the art of tracking, and must be able to follow a track, not too obviously made, for half a mile in twenty-five minutes. The test is made by his officer, who clamps tracking irons to his shoes and lays a trail over grass, plough, stubble, or as ground allows. The town Tenderfoot is taken to where there are shops; for one minute he looks into four shop windows in turn, and then from memory must describe satisfactorily the contents of one of the windows. He learns, too, how a Scout should lay and light a fire. He is shown that before lighting a fire in the open he must cut away or burn back all bracken, heather or dry grass round about the place, to prevent a bush-fire, and he learns how to make a fire for cooking, of red-hot wood ashes, which give little smoke, and may be kept going all night. Along with all this useful knowledge the Tenderfoot practises and masters many another fine bit of work or play. Thus, he learns how to dance the Scouts' war dance, and to sing the Scouts' war songs. It is interesting to watch their war dance; advancing, singing in time to the music, and stamping in unison, then retiring, then forming a wide circle, while one steps to the centre and dances solo—telling by action a story of tracking and killing a desperate foe, the others cheering him by dance and song.

The games and competitions introduced all appeal to the boy's natural love of sport. There is nothing dull or dry in Scouting; indeed, it furnishes recreation of the best kind, for it exercises the mind as well as the body.

Again, take the Scout signs. A Scout is taught the art of making signs

which another Scout can understand and read, and when he has done so to obliterate all traces of such sign. An arrow means "Road to be followed," a small square plus an arrow signifies "Letter hidden three paces from here in direction of arrow;" a cross indicates "This path not to be followed," and "I have gone home" is shown by a circle in the centre of which is placed a circular spot. At night, sticks with a wisp of grass round them, or stones, are laid on the road in similar form, so that they can be felt with the hand. To the signs is added a signature. Every patrol of Scouts has its own name, and its appropriate cry. Those of the Panther patrol "Keeook," the Bats "Pitz-Pitz," Ravens "Kar-Kaw"; thus scouts of a patrol can communicate with each other when in hiding. Each patrol leader, i.e. a youth in charge of a party of some six or eight scouts, has a small white flag on the end of his familiar "broom-handle," with the head of his patrol animal or bird shown in red color. The Scout, making, say, a sign on a road for others to read, draws also the head of the patrol animal.

- And so the lad proceeds from Tenterfoot to Second Class Scout, always learning something new, mastering fresh details of his craft until he qualifies as a First Class Scout, which means that he can swim fifty yards, has at least one shilling in the bank, and is able to signal at the rate of sixteen letters per minute. As a test in self-reliance he is sent on a two-days' journey alone or with another Scout. On his return he must write an intelligible report of what he has seen. Then he must know how to render first-aid in common accidents. He must understand how to stay a runaway horse, and so on. He must prove that he can make a damper, cook a hunter's stew, skin and cook a rabbit, or pluck and cook a bird. He must be able to

read a map and draw sketch maps, use an axe for felling timber, judge distance, area, size, numbers, height and weight within twenty-five per cent. of the actual dimensions or proportions.

He continues to qualify until he attains the proud distinction of King's Scout. This means that he has won badges of merit in such branches of Scoutcraft as seamanship, ambulance work and signalling, and has passed a stern test in the general craft of the guide. Another important part of a Scout's curriculum is that he may qualify in almost any calling. Thus, a boy gains a badge because he has passed the test as a poultry-farmer, as an engineer, gardener, aviator, bee-farmer, blacksmith, dairyman, electrician, interpreter, photographer, plumber, fireman, woodman, naturalist, coastguard, horseman, leatherworker, printer, etc. Other badges of merit are awarded for proficiency in other branches of work. Accordingly, employers of labor seeking trustworthy boy service will look first among Scouts, knowing that they will find boys broken to discipline and of manly spirit. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the headquarters of the organization are contemplating the formation of an Employment Bureau in conjunction with the Labor Exchanges, where Scouts may be assisted in securing skilled occupations when in need.

The training also includes, for those boys who live near the water, organized practice of seafaring. It is not intended necessarily to send them to sea as a profession, but to give them something of the hardiness and pluck of the seaman, again through a medium which thoroughly appeals to them. "Sea Scouts"—of whom Lord Charles Beresford is the head—are divided into two branches—Coastguard Scouts and Seamen Scouts, and their training follows on those lines.

It was in the second year of the existence of the movement that the work of organization was taken in hand; the wave of enthusiasm was controlled, and at the time of the celebration of the second anniversary there were something like 130,000 Boy Scouts, and there is no reason why they should not reach two, or even three, millions within the next few years.

One of the great secrets of the success of the movement is that it indulges in the barest minimum of interference with outlying centres and groups. The watchword of headquarters is guidance rather than control. Beyond insisting that the local associations of this great peace army shall be self-supporting, it allows them to manage their business in their own fashion and by their own methods, so long, of course, as they carry out the general principles of Scoutcraft. It is obvious, however, that if patrols and troops were to spring up on every side, without some central guiding influence, the movement must speedily lose all sort of corporate entity and get out of hand.

In September 1909 the first big rally of the Scouts was held. Thirteen thousand youngsters from all parts of the kingdom assembled at the Crystal Palace to give a display of Scout practices, and to be inspected by their Chief. Perhaps the most stirring scene was when King Edward's appreciative message was read as follows:

**The King is glad to know that the Boy Scouts are holding their first annual parade.**

Please assure the boys that the King takes a great interest in them, and that if he should call upon them later in life, the sense of patriotic responsibility and happy discipline which they are now acquiring as boys will enable them to do their duty as men, should any danger threaten the Empire.

After this had been read thirteen thou-

sand Scouts showed how they could cheer!

King Edward, alas! is dead. But King George has signified his approval of the scheme by becoming its Patron, and on the 4th of July His Majesty inspected some 40,000 of them at Windsor, perhaps the red-letter day in the history of the movement.

And so on, from the highest in the land, all have shown a keen desire to become in some way attached to the movement. Lords-Lieutenant serve as Presidents of County Associations, retired and serving officers take up the local commissionerships, Lords and Commoners alike all evince a great desire to assist in the amelioration of the cigarette-sucking boy. In Germany autocratic noblemen delight in raising their own special troops, made up usually of the poorest lads they can discover, in Russia the Czar has approved of the idea, and has inspected the first troops, whilst the movement is hailed with enthusiasm in every quarter of the civilized world. With the raising of these foreign troops international courtesies have been exchanged.

A party of eight boys from this country enjoyed an extremely pleasant eighteen days' tour in Germany some short while ago. One idea underlying the tour was that on seeing the practical working of the organization the Germans themselves might adopt it. This they have since done. Similarly, parties of German boys have visited this country as Scouts. Some British lads made a tour on their own account in France, and last year a party of Scouts from our side of the North Sea paid a visit to Denmark. Coincident with these pleasant international visits, the Scouts' Handbook has been translated into most European languages—into Italian, German, Russian, Swedish, and Danish. Its translation into French and Dutch is now in progress. In the light of exchanges of

international courtesies of this sort, it might seem that the establishment of the Boy Scouts on an international basis was not beyond the reach of the movement which has already accomplished so much. Yet it would appear that there are technical difficulties in the way, one of which is that every scout promises "to be loyal to God and the King." Foreign boys naturally could not be expected to subscribe to such a promise, and accordingly the Boy Scouts confine their official organization to the United Kingdom and to the Oversea Dominions of the Empire—to those lands, in fact, which owe allegiance to King George.

The general public have been quick to recognize the advantages of the Boy Scouts' training. There is room, however, for public aid in committee work, and in providing men who have the time and the ability to acquire and impart the varied knowledge comprised in a Scout's studies. A medical man will find a sphere of usefulness in relieving the Scoutmaster of the work of giving instruction in first aid; a member of a swimming club may superintend the acquisition of an accomplishment which is obligatory on all Scouts, and which should be followed up by tuition in the methods of the Life Saving Society for rescue and resuscitation. Without that knowledge the would-be rescuer's life is in peril, and his gallantry is in vain if he knows not how to fan the spark of vitality.

The General's idea originally was that the scheme should be worked by the Church Lads' and Boys' Brigades, the Y.M.C.A., and any person having the interests of lads at heart.

It was owing to the spread of the latter units that the General was impelled to form a central controlling body, in order to ensure uniformity while not hampering local growth and freedom. An excellent plan of pro-

moting local control is the appointment of a commissioner for each County, with district commissioners serving under him for different areas and with Local Associations in each town and large village. By a recent development in the formation of Scoutmasters' training corps it is hoped that the problem of how to obtain good Scoutmasters is in a fair way towards solution. Scoutmasters, many of them workers in connection with lads' institutes, find the scouting work of unique interest. They have more than their reward as they watch the developing intelligence of their charges, see evidence of the growth of chivalry in their hearts, and know that they have changed boys who were good for nothing into Scouts who are willing and ready to undertake anything.

Too much stress can scarcely be laid on the fact that the Scout movement is non-military, non-political, and interdenominational in character. Some individual troops are no doubt organized on military lines, and in virtue of the general policy of non-interference which the central office studiously cultivates towards local centres, so long as the ideals of the movement are observed, these troops are allowed to go their own way. But the movement in its essence is *strictly non-military*.

All its ideals are peace ideals, so much so that there are people who regard the growth of the movement in many lands as an influence tending towards international peace. That the movement is non-political scarcely requires to be explained. The very fact that men of all creeds have actively interested themselves in the movement proves beyond cavil that it is absolutely non-sectarian in its character. Theoretically, no doubt, the authorities at the head of the movement are all the better pleased with a Scout if he regularly attends the church in which he has been brought up, but it

does not interfere in the least with a boy's religious upbringing.

The movement is not yet four years old. Already its effect is seen throughout English national life. Many have said, "This movement is the greatest achievement of our age." Indeed, it has wrought a revolution in British manners and ways of thought. No one who lives in a place where the Boy Scout has successfully come to stay can fail to be struck by one great improvement. General Baden-Powell clearly felt the force of the fine old Winchester motto when he drew up the excellent code of rules for the boys. Theirs is the modern English version of "Manners maketh man," and upon a disciplined courtesy great stress is laid. Many

years ago Matthew Arnold deplored "Want of reverence" as the worst sign of times he thought very decadent. But the optimist confronted with a trim and civil detachment of Boy Scouts may well incline to believe we are entering upon a new and more charming era, when politeness will be thought to be—as it is—an essential part of the equipment of a manly boy. The discovery of the boy has not only changed the nature of the boy for the better, but has so improved him that he now sets a national standard. So it is no wonder that Scouting is popular and has come to stay, and if "nothing succeeds like success," then Scouting has a great future, and will play a prominent part in fashioning the citizens of the days that are to come.

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

*W. Cecil Price.*

## FANCY FARM.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

### CHAPTER XX.

Pen would have ceased to be queen regent for the *farceur* in a week were it not for Norah's ingenuity and delight in thinking out a hundred ways in which the pleasantries might confer some benefit either on Sir Andrew or on Schawfield. The two of them conspired with Justice (truer friend to the world than Tolerance, Sir Andrew's favorite); in a fortnight they had, between them, established a *régime* in Fancy Farm where all things went like clockwork, and where fads were stringently discouraged. Aunt Amelia couldn't understand it: "I'm sure that Andy's going to be ill," she wailed, "he grows so sensible." Indeed he played his part in the joke with honesty; smothering many an inspiration which would make the plank more laughably ingenious, relinquishing that moral domination which is sometimes found

in the tenderest men; for the nonce a pattern of conformity and regular ways.

Norah, abandoned by her aunt to the vulgar claims upon manorial ladies, induced Penelope to go with her one day among the tenements, while Miss Amelia swept magnificently away on more stately social rounds, of which she compassed many in the first few weeks of her *harmche*. They even defied the gander: "Get away, you stupid goose!" cried the fearless Pen, contemptuously: the savage *wynds* revealed themselves as after all hum-drumly like to other places where the mission flag of Miss Amelia waved: the native tribes proved friendly. Watty Fraser, coaxed from his shyness, played them "Clean Pease Straw" and "The Smith's a Gallant Fireman," to show from what celestial heights Italian music had degenerated. "They havena the snap, them foreign

fellows, and the snap's the main thing. I canna stand them gliding capers." "And quite right too!" said Pen; "the snap goes best with the Scottish climate." "Stop, you!" said Watty, screwing up a peg, "and I will give you a splendid one of my own contrivance! I was thinking for to call it 'Lady Norah'"—whereon that lady blushed tremendously, and Pen was very sly.

Norah sat amazed at the art with which her friend set people at their ease. 'Twas not an art, in truth, but an effluence from an artless nature that disarmed suspicion and dispelled alarms by sheer simplicity. Pen, above all, could restrain the roving, curious eye that breeds dislike in humble dwellings, and be oblivious to dirty jaw-boxes and—in Paterson's—to pots of salmon-roe, at which Sir Andrew always laughed as a harmless superstition of illicit anglers. She would lean, to the manner born, on counters, marvellously learned in unbleached cottons and the cost of remnant woolens; sheep-dips, saddlery, potatoes, smoothing-irons, cheap baker's "dumplings": loin, hough, and entrails; or balance on a kitchen-dresser, telling all about herself and her sisters in the manse, showing herself most humorously experienced in economic household makeshifts, hard times, the making-down of garments, old-fashioned cures, half superstitious, for children's ailments. In half an hour she could be further into the confidence of the folk than Aunt Amelia could have been in a hundred years, and all without a single conscious effort.

"How do you do it?" Norah asked her enviously. "I have never seen that woman so genial and unreserved before."

"Have you not?" said Pen, surprised. "She seemed to me very natural."

"I don't know how it is, but they

trust you," said Norah. "With us—with Aunt Amelia and me—there's always some aloofness, some acting of a part. They speak to you in a different accent almost."

"Perhaps you unconsciously act a part to them," suggested Pen. "There's nothing they discover sooner. I have no necessity to seem but what I am with them; I know them, and I like them; they remind me of my mother. She had been a servant-maid when my father met her first—one of the class to whom rich people leave the beautiful art of domesticity, the first, the highest. It was sometimes pretty tight with us in the manse; you have no idea of the grandeur and hospitality expected off a stipend less than a blacksmith's earnings! But my mother pulled us through. Father philosophized, but she did better; she turned garments outside in. She didn't know much about poetry, except the Psalms and a song or two. She taught us to love the humble, though I'm not a bit humble myself, and prefer the shy and quiet, though I happen to be neither. I learned from Miss Skene how stupidly the rich may think about the poor, who have sentiment and pride, and many compensations, just like other people. The one thing you must never do is to pity them."

"Surely for what they miss of beauty in the world?" said Norah.

"Lord bless me, no!" cried Pen. "Not that! Do you imagine God's unfair? Do you think all the sweetness of the world, the hopes, dreams, gaiety, are only for the well-to-do? There's not a tinker on the road but has his moment. 'People like you,' I told Miss Skene once, 'never really see the poor, but only yourselves in the places of the poor. You credit them with privations and discontents you would feel yourself in their position. They're really just about as happy as yourself. And at times as sad. Their real suf-

ferings you are not likely to hear anything at all about."

"Then we should leave them as they are?" said Norah, cunningly political.

"No," said Pen. "You can't. They can no more remain what they are than you can; they must move. They don't want pity, which is often quite misplaced, but you, to be really happy, must be generous to them. No, not generous, I mean just. Whether they're at their ease with you or not depends upon yourself. I know, because my people have been always sharing trouble, and fun, and soup with people I can never look upon but with affection. Most folk change their friends when they change their clothes. If they rise in the world they can find a thousand very plausible reasons for throwing off their old acquaintances. I hope I should never do that. I like to make new friends, but I'd rather not make them at all if it meant I was to turn my back on old ones. I hope that if I came into a great fortune to-morrow I should feel none the less at home in a but-and-ben."

"I'm sure there's not the slightest fear of it," said Norah warmly. "You have as great a genius for fidelity as Andy. It extends even to some trivial songs which I'm sure you can only tolerate because you knew them when a child."

Pen laughed. "That's so!" she admitted. "Ought I to turn my back on them now that you have taught me to love Schubert 'and them gliding capers'? The trivial songs are not trivial to me at all; they bring back the past like a perfume, and they let me play again with a little girl who was Penelope Colquhoun."

"Another phase of the pathetic falacy!" said Norah mischievously.

"What's that?" asked Pen, who was never ashamed to show her ignorance.

"You should never bring your own joys or your own griefs to the appreciation of nature or art; they should be loved for themselves alone."

"Good gracious, that seems awful nonsense! One can't love anything for itself alone. Even a baby likes the daylight just because its brains recall the dark. I defy you to look at anything or listen to any song in that inhuman abstract way. Everything is shaped by our own experience. A song has two tunes—one that was made by the composer, another you make for yourself, that has no notes to it, but is full of sad or happy things remembered, which nobody could understand except yourself."

Penelope did not require to have authority as Mistress of the Keys to find her way to the homes in Schawfield village; long before that prank had come to the freakish brain of Captain Cutlass she had made acquaintance with the people—in the shops and in the fields and at the wells, where they emptied stoups and waited to fill them up again for the chance of a palaver. And wherever there was a child she knew the passport to its mother's hearth if she had wanted there. But there were no bairns—more's the pity! in the house of Mr. Birrell, and as yet she had not drunk from the Pekin teapot. Norah balked at an introduction there, doubtless for private reasons.

Pen suddenly suspected something of the kind, and as usual did not beat about the bush. "I'd like to meet Miss Birrell," she said; "she seems to be the one outstanding female personality in Schawfield. It's always her the other women quote. Can't we call on her this afternoon?"

"Of course," said Norah. "You'd have met her long ago if you hadn't your Radical scruples about going round in state with Aunt Amelia. I'm certain that she's dying to make your acquaintance, for she doesn't say so.

And you must be sure to like her tea-pot."

"If I do, I'll say so," answered Pen. "If I don't I can praise her tea at least, for there I'm not particular if it happens to be reasonably warm."

The day was sultry, and the world lay panting all the fervent afternoon. A landrall in the field behind the village kept continuously craik-craikling, like a salmon reel—voice, it might seem, of the parched earth; no other note was audible. Jock Fraser waddled from his post and sought the Midtown Burn, now withered in its courses, stood in the surviving tiny pools and cooled his scaly legs. Across the street skipped Wyse the saddler, from the licensed grocer's, dangling a bottle, frank and honest, from a string about its neck, suggesting oil, but really the receptacle for beer, good cooling beer. A street of windows with the blinds all down: happy the people in the massive, vault-like lower dwellings of the tenements and wynds!

Miss Birrell welcomed her visitors with effusion, in a room that won its way at once to the heart of Pen, with its dark mahogany, its shining cupboards, and its flowery chintz. "And this is Miss Colquhoun!" she said, looking up with kindly penetrating eyes at the face of Pen, whose own had always a communicable and appealing candor. "I have looked at you often in the kirk, Miss Colquhoun, and thought to mysel', What a bonity lassie! What did you think of yon young minister from Perth on Sabbath? Birds! Birds, and the wisdom o' them, and the fruitful summer breezes! Lord bless my heart! fancy a young man coming here from Perth to tell us about birds and summer breezes! As I said to my brother James, 'What have birds and summer breezes got to do wi' the blessed gospel?' Faith, we've had more than our share o' the summer breeze this fort-

night; now that my blanket-washin's by, I'm sure the country would be nane the waur o' rain."

"You're always the busy woman, Miss Birrell!" said Norah, fanning herself with a "Missionary Record" which the lawyer's sister always cherished for the sake of Jimmy Chalmers of New Guinea. "Do you never take a rest at all?"

"There's no rest for the wicked, Miss Norah," answered Tilda cheerfully, searching for the best spoons in the cupboard, bringing forth the Pekin teapot. "There's no rest for the wicked; we have Scripture sanction for it, and there's seldom any rest for the like o' me, that's only middlin' good. I'm aye thinking that when I die, it'll just be my ordinair luck if the resurrection doesna happen on the morn's mornin'."

Pen laughed, and felt a curious gush of liking for the little woman who reminded her immediately of her mother. "I wouldn't think of that at all, if I were you, Miss Birrell; it would give any one the blues."

"It does, but there's a cure for the blues," said Tilda blythly, measuring the tea from a lacquer caddy.

"In Buchan?" suggested Pen, who had found that amazing medical vademecum in every other house in Shawfield village.

"No, nor Buchan! In the Bible—thirtieth Psalm," replied Miss Birrell. "And how's your aunt, Miss Norah?"

"She's fine!" said Norah.

"We haven't seen much of her of late since she took to carriage exercise. A carriage must be a great convenience."

"So Pen decided," answered Norah. "Sir Andrew would let the old barouche lie rotting for another generation if it hadn't been for Pen."

A host of eager questions cried in the mind of Tilda, but she held her tongue, and while the Pekin teapot pleyed, Penelope realized that the air of the afternoon had suddenly become

a little chilly in the room, however it might be outside. Miss Birrell seemed watchful, and the mood of fun was clean departed for the moment. When she thought herself unobserved she scanned the stranger closely over her tea-cup edge, or under cover of a flourish of the cookies. She was looking for those faint airs that in woman the jealous discern so rapidly—an accent of self-complacency, a trivial boast, a disparaging droop of the eyelids, vanity about a neat shoe or a well-fitting pair of gloves; a saint could not have come more creditably through the scrutiny than the unconscious Pen, who admired the Pekin teapot and showed it in her manner without a word, the subtlest kind of flattery for a lady like 'Tilda Birrell.

"I see," said their hostess in a little, having brooded darkly, 'that you have gotten Peter Powrie back. His wife's quite new-fangled w' him. They go for a walk in the forest on the week-days. Did you ever—?"

Pen looked puzzled.

"Men never walk with their wives on week-days," Norah explained to her, twinkling. "It's a solemn rite reserved for Sundays. But I'm afraid it's not so much for the company of his wife as for the welfare of my Dandie Dinmont. Peter walks at any time. He's married far too long for maudlin sentiment."

"Coming on thirty years," said 'Tilda. "It was the time when women wore the dolmans. A fine big breezy fellow he was thought—I suppose because he was always blowing. If you took his word for't, there was only one man knew the breed of a dog in Scotland, and his name was Peter Powrie. And I'll allow he *did* know dogs. Women, too, he couldn't have got a better wife than Aggy Cameron—poor long-suffering lass. He was so daft about her, she could lead him round the country with a cobweb,—that's the

way with men before ye marry them." She saw a smile on Norah's face, and laughed herself. "I'm not pretending, mind, that that's the way I'm single; no indeed! I would be glad to do the leading w' a rope, and risk the hanging o' mysel' at the end o't. Peter Powrie was a disappointing husband for a while, but we all have our own bit failings, and I'm glad to see him back. It's real considerate o' Sir Andrew."

Norah, with a gesture of her teacup, indicated Pen. "There again, Miss Birrell, the fairy godmother! Mrs. Powrie might never have had her man restored to her, nor I be owner of the darlingest of dogs, if it weren't for the magic powers of Miss Colquhoun."

"In—deed!" exclaimed Miss Birrell, bewildered and astringent: Pen wondered why. It seemed to her, on reflection, that the lawyer's sister did not like her.

"And have you heard," asked Norah, patting the teapot-lid, as she used to do when she visited the parlor of Miss Birrell as a child, "that Paterson isn't to be a poacher any longer?"

"In the name of fortune! what's the matter w' him?" asked Miss Birrell, recovering.

"He's going to Mr. Beswick's as a gamekeeper."

"Well done, Mr. Beswick!" cried Miss Birrell, delighted. "I could have told him long ago there was never a cheaper way to cure a poacher, and he couldn't get a better man for the job than Paterson. He swears and he drinks, he poaches and he loafes, and they even say he beat his wife once, but there's not a word against his moral character."

"Beat his wife!" said Norah. "Shockin'! I never heard of that."

"Perhaps she needed it," suggested Pen calmly. "I have often thought there are wives to whom a beating—

not too hard but noisy—would do a great deal of good."

Miss Birrell looked at her with something like admiration. "Fancy you saying that!" she exclaimed. "I could never have the daring to admit it, but I've often thought it."

"Every woman thinks it sometimes. Of course I would never say so to a man, for it isn't every man who's qualified to use the power, and perhaps on the whole it's better to let men stick by their idea that it's chivalry to let a wife go utterly astray for the want of a little mild correction. All the same, it's as logical to whip a foolish wife as to whip a foolish child. And I know the wife of Paterson."

"There are faults on both sides," admitted Tilda, her favorite summing-up of such situations. "One night he came home none the better for his company, and she was ready for him in the morning, but he hurried for the first word. 'When you and me were married, Kate,' he said, 'didn't the minister make us one?' 'I suppose he did,' said Mrs. Paterson. 'Then let me tell you this,' said Paterson, 'we had an awfu' skinfu' yesterday!' Another time the banker saw him throwing in his hat at the open door o' his house, and waiting on the landing. 'What do you do that for, Paterson?' asked the banker. 'If the hat comes bungin' oot again,' said Paterson, quite joco, 'I ken the weather's coarse inside, and bide awa' till it calms. If she keeps it in, I ken she'll be glad to see me.' There's a lot o' fun in Hughy Paterson! I'm glad he's going to settle down; I suppose it's for his good, poor man! but many a one'll miss his pranks, forbye his partridges. It's very good of Mr. Beswick giving him the chance."

"Once more," said Norah triumphantly, "the potent hand of the fairy godmother! Sir Andrew got Paterson the situation just to please Penelope."

This time there was no mistake

about the jealousy in Miss Birrell's eyes; even Norah saw it with amusement. The jollity of their hostess fled with no returning; her manner grew punctilious; they were shown to the foot of the stair when they departed with far too ceremonious professions of the pleasure that their visit had conferred, and not too fervent invitations to repeat it when they happened to have time. Tilda, returning, washed her tea-things furiously, and snapped the cupboard door on the Pekin teapot like a woman who never meant to bring it out again.

"And what do you think of our friend Miss Birrell?" asked Norah, as they took the shady side of the street for home, threading their way among the hens.

"I like her," answered Pen. "She isn't dozing, and she is herself. I'm not surprised one hears so much about her."

"I like her too," said Norah. "Always did, though she treats me like a child new out of school. I don't suppose she has noticed that my hair's been up for half a dozen years. Her idol's Andy; I thought it odd that she never asked for him to-day."

"And she's a very good friend of yours, I notice," said Penelope.

"I haven't a doubt of it. What makes you think so?"

"Because she was doing her best to like me too, for your sake, and all the time would rather not."

"I think you're wrong," said Norah feebly. It was the very thought that a moment ago had given her amusement when she watched the bewildered disapproving face of Tilda Birrell.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

Captain Cutlass, with his coat off, and his rolled-up shirt-sleeves revealing a tattooed figure of a dolphin on his arm, came sauntering through the

shrubbery from the kitchen garden, found the girls on the veranda fondling the Dandie Dinmont, gave a sailor's whoop for salutation, and threw himself, exhausted, in a chair. He looked at them with envy: they were cool as mermaids, being such as carry about with them their own breeze, and he was melting.

"I feel," said he to Pen, "that to-day, at least, I've earned my living. Humphrey and I have spent the most arduous afternoon at what I begin to think the degrading task of sheuching leeks. Why should Christian men, who were meant to stand upright, squat on their hunkers on a day like this, so plainly meant for swimming, and prod holes in the inoffensive earth for the sake of a wretched weed that happens to be esculent?"

"Because they like hotch-potch and cockle-leekie, I suppose," said Norah. "The curse of Eden rather spoiled us for a diet of thistles. But you haven't been sheuching leeks?"

"So to speak, my dear; you mustn't be so literal. Simply to watch old Humphrey doing so was quite enough to make me sweat. But I stuck manfully to the noble, dignified, and essential business of superintendence, which is always highest paid, for some mysterious reason that I hope to learn in heaven. Meanwhile, mum's the word! let us still dissemble and pretend that superintendence calls for some peculiar kind of genius. Humphrey, poor devil! never suspects the truth or he'd have thrown a dibble at me. The fun of it is he didn't take off his coat or tuck up his sleeves, and yet he didn't see the irony of my doing it. So I brought him out a jug of beer; if the working classes don't have a sense of logic they have an excellent capacity for beer. I felt, out there, thus sharing in the travail with nature, something of the old husbandman wrestling with the stubborn glebe for my exist-

ence; that I was a good man. It is a reflection singularly soothing. I might have been busily engaged in squeezing the means for a sybarite existence from unhappy tenantry; penalizing poachers by making them do for wages what they loved to do for fun; turning gipsies away to sorn on other people less well able than myself to feed them; poking my way into village houses where I wasn't wanted. . . . Oh, Pen! Pen! are you not ashamed of your position?"

"Not a bit!" she answered, "but a little bored by it."

He assumed a look of apprehension. "You mustn't be bored yet," he said, "I'm just beginning to enjoy myself. Mr. Birrell and Cattanach plainly begin to think there's hope for me yet: they never suspect that my concurrence with all they think good business and common-sense is due to the fact that temporarily I'm another person. For the first time, honestly, in ten years, I wish I hadn't broken up that fiddle; there's a sense of liberty that's only to be expressed by making noises. The jolly thing is to learn that, after all this time, I find it quite as easy to be a person of no importance as a landed gentleman; it's most consoling!"

"But then you never had many of the habits of a landed gentleman," Norah reminded him.

"That's so," he agreed, with pleasure. "Ain't I lucky? I don't have any habits at all, and you may take it from me that that's the secret of an equable and contented life. Never contract a habit, even a good one, or you become its slave."

Penelope put up her chin, opened her mouth and shut it again; he saw in her look the hint of a thought suppressed.

"Out with it, ma'am!" he ordered. "You don't agree with me?"

"Not having any habits is a habit in itself," she remarked with a smile;

"and it's the worst of all, for nobody knows when they have you, or what you may do next. For that reason I'm going to bring our little diversion to an end. Why not make Norah play the part? She could do it ever so much better; indeed all the ideas are hers to start with. Oh, you needn't frown; you know they are! I find I don't like playing a part, in a joke, even; it seems to need a lot of cunning." She stopped, breathless.

"And so you propose to hand the rôle on to me," said Norah, smiling. "It isn't quite a compliment, Pen."

Pen showed no distress. "You know very well what I mean," she said. "I'd never have been so bold, demanding all those changes, if it hadn't been for you; and I don't see why you couldn't have made them for yourself; with you it need not call for any pretence. I just feel horrid!" She grimaced in a way which showed the sentiment was not assumed. "For the first time in my life to-day I found a woman who was anxious to dislike me!"

"Nonsense, my dear!" cried Norah. "Miss Birrell is the dear good friend of all of us."

"I'm not mistaken," firmly insisted Pen. "She was quite nice till you gave her the impression that I was seriously of some importance, which is nonsense. At every other revelation of my influence (which was really yours) she grew colder to me. I should say it takes something very serious to annoy so naturally jolly a little woman as Miss Birrell. She thinks I'm a meddlesome upstart, and I know her feeling. She is so loyal to you all that she resents my interference. It's very natural. She's quite right."

She could have told them more—of a recent *hauter*, sometimes, on the part of Miss Amelia; but on that she was discreetly dumb.

"My dear Pen," said the baronet, hastily jumping to his feet and turning down his sleeves, "I've been an ass as usual. I ought to have known that the Elizabethan Joke is no longer practicable without involving somebody in trouble, and I'm sorry. I looked for its development on other lines; I wanted to see if you were really going to be hard and cruel, as you feared you would be, in such a position as you have figured in for the past few weeks; and of course you weren't, as I might easily have anticipated."

"I really feared it!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes!" he said, "I know! Upon a horse. The thing's proverbial. Set a beg— How does it go, now? I forget; but the philosophy of it is, that we all of us have only to go thirteen hands higher than our fellow-men along the highway to feel ourselves their masters. Heaven help us all! I know you better than that." He put his hand upon her shoulder—the first time he had ever touched her, save upon the fingers, since the evening he had raised her from the grass beside the treacherous ice. "Thirteen hands, Penelope, just thirteen hands and think upon the height of the nearest stars! There's not much danger that the like of you and I will ever gallop down the multitude on foot from any poor delusion of our own importance."

"My people," said Penelope, "have always gone on foot."

So the mummery of the Mistress of the Keys abruptly ended, but not before Penelope, at Captain Cutlass's desire, had chosen one last self-indulgence, this time really for herself, with none of Norah's prompting. The two companions went to Mr. Divvert's school; broke in, impetuous and resplendent, on the serried ranks of youth—who love resplendence—humming sleepily like bees among the lindens.

"We think of giving a children's

garden-party," intimated Norah. "The berries are over, so there isn't any danger."

It was a *fête* to charm the heart of Captain Cutlass, who devised details whose fantasy discounted, for his neighbors, all the recent symptoms of his change to sanity. "We want the thing at night," he said, "that is the time for children's *fêtes champêtres*, for the whole of the day is gained additionally in the joy of anticipation. Beds, dear aunt! Pooh! I've been a boy myself, and I haven't even yet got out of the way of it; bed-time's an adult tyranny, and whoever heard of fairies getting up for a daylight garden-party?"

"Fairies?" said Miss Amelia helplessly. "I hope you don't expect me to be a fairy?"

He laughed good-humoredly. "You'll be expected to be nothing, aunt, but what's hygienic and respectable; the night air's chilly, and I only thought of fairies of the mind. There are! you know; there are! and

" . . . the trumpeter, Gadfly, shall summon the crew,  
The revels are now only waiting for  
you."

He put his arm about her waist, and made to waltz her round the room.

"You're cracked!" she exclaimed indignantly, releasing herself, and looking

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ing with irritation at the girls who shared his merriment.

"I know," said Captain Cutlass. "It isn't a crack exactly,—merely a little chink, and it's rather useful, for it lets the light in."

The night was star-bestrewn and warm, but the very heavens paled their splendor in the rivalry of lanterns that were blooming on the trees and by the borders of the paths round Fancy Farm. The house itself seemed filled with radiance that escaped from every window; young fragile moons of gorgeous color hung suspended over tables on the lawn. The children stood at first in groups, abashed, within the gates, and stared incredulously; it seemed unreal and magical, a scene deserted. Only the rivals of the stars were there, and the plash of the little burn that ran behind the dairy, sole familiar thing; they heard it every morning that they came for milk. They stood abashed and dubious till a rocket leaped from behind the shrubbery, seeking to reach that pale fraternity of stars but falling in the effort and expiring in a rain of emerald and gold, and the bairns all laughed a moment after, with hearts relieved, and the night made friendly by the chuckle of Captain Cutlass, standing with Penelope and Norah, fiery spirits, in the blaze of Roman candles.

(To be continued.)

## PROGRAMME MUSIC.

Lovers of history and biography, filled with admiration for great achievements recorded of the past, are sometimes wont to lose sight of the tentativeness with which the direction of human enterprise is attended. All endeavor ultimately resolves itself into

the nature of an experiment, the success or failure of which can seldom be immediately estimated with certitude. In art, at least, there is no infallible criterion whereby permanent success may be recognized. The future must inevitably prove the most capable

judge of present effort, for judgment conducted retrospectively takes into consideration not only the quality of a work, but also its relationship to the general evolutionary tendency which the passage of time has shown to have been natural during the period in which the work was produced. Particularly true is it of music that the further we recede from the period of a work the greater the agreement among judgments pronounced upon it becomes. Yet if musical criticism which attempts to foretell the verdict of posterity be attended by error, there is a function which it may perform with a fair approach to accuracy—the educational function of disclosing the ideals of contemporary composers, and of indicating the direction in which musical art is tending to advance; for, as we shall see hereafter, although it is commonly the fashion to regard art as an undivided unity, during successive phases of its development an art follows very different ideals.

Happily, the art critic enjoys many facilities which enable him to perform such a task in a more or less equitable spirit. By no indication, perhaps, is the tentativeness of human effort rendered more evident than by the mode in which arts, widely separated it may be in point of time, exhibit similar tendencies as they rise, come to maturity, and finally decay. It would, indeed, be surprising if every type of artistic expedient could not be detected somewhere in the course of the thirty centuries back through which critical knowledge of art extends. The general truth of this observation calls for no exposition here: but, if a particular illustration of it were in demand, it is doubtful whether a closer and more suggestive parallel could be quoted from the history of art than that afforded by the course of development of music among the moderns, and of sculpture among the Greeks in that remote

period of the life and the culture of which the splendid method of modern research has gathered such an extensive knowledge.

At first sight it may appear somewhat strange that sculpture and music should have developed along similar lines. Their dissimilarities are sufficiently evident. A little consideration will, however, reveal a deep-seated property which they possess in common. Each of these art mediums lends itself naturally to the production, in a high degree of perfection, of abstract beauty; in sculpture a beauty of line, of form; in music a beauty of melody, of symmetrical design: kinds of beauty abstract in that the impression which they convey cannot be translated into definite terms of sentiment. This type of beauty proceeds from a fundamental quality of music and sculpture. These are, in fact, the art mediums least susceptible to the production of illusion by realistic imitation. True, sculpture is to some extent imitative: but in a highly conventional manner. Thus, smoothness of surface in sculpture is far less suggestive of skin than the flesh tint by which the painter renders its texture. Yet the realistic capacity of painting is an insignificant value in comparison with that of the drama, the art of the theatre where real men and women appear. Music and drama are, in truth, two extreme terms in art. More closely than any other art does sculpture approach to the condition of music and share with it to a higher degree the capacity for ideal expression.

The earliest stage in the evolution of sculpture and music is indeed notable for the experiments by which a mastery over the quality of abstract beauty was gradually acquired. The interest of each art during this period of slow, artistic growth is largely historical or antiquarian, though occasionally masters appeared and produced master-

pieces of no mean order. The sculptures recovered by excavation within the Acropolis, equally with the music of Palaestra, have a real artistic claim upon our sympathy, even if these works be overshadowed by the performances of the subsequent epoch, to which the earlier period stands in the relationship of a dim dawn to the resplendent sunshine of an unclouded noon.

The experimental efforts of early sculpture turned suddenly enough into masterly achievement when the confident, national spirit which enabled the Greek to overcome the Persian at Marathon, Salamis, and Plataea, thereby securing the independence of the Greek republic, was reflected into the sculptor's art. In that wondrous fifth century B.C., the first epoch of Attic pre-eminence, under the wise patronage of Pericles the arts flourished as never before. The tragedies of Aeschylus and Sophocles, the philosophy of Socrates, the lyrics of Pindar, and—noblest achievement of all—the sculpture of Phidias and his contemporaries, remain as the eternal memorial of that happy age. The victory of the Greeks meant, to a people essentially religious, the triumph of the gods of Greece: to them accordingly the State dedicated, as thank-offerings, the costly images, wrought of gold and ivory, in which Phidias embodied the highest conceptions of that age concerning the spiritual powers which rule the affairs of man. Those ideal forms, many times the size of mortal beings, symbolized the blithe hopefulness which the purest pagan spirit found in the worship of deities whose attributes were imaged by sculptured forms, immense in power yet instinct with unfailing benignity of purpose in their usage of mankind.

Musical art, too, was destined to be carried to the first great climax in its history by a composer inspired by

an ardent religious hope. The achievements of Bach elevate him as high above his musical ancestors as those of Phidias raise him aloft above the sculptors of the archaic age. His music, like the sculpture of Phidias, finds its central motive in the artistic representation of the cheerfulness which a simple faith alone can give. Bach came into the world not long after the time when religion showed its vitality in the courage with which the upholders of religious freedom fought for and won liberation from the dead superstition born of the spiritual needs of an earlier, a less enlightened time. The Passion Music and the Masses of Bach are the most noble utterance of the fervent hope which came into being when the religious spirit awakened to a new life. Phidias and Bach equally strike a religious note. Moreover, there is a certain analogy in their style, breadth and simplicity being the essential characteristics of the vastly planned sculptures of the former, and of the grand choral fugues, the polyphonic method generally, of the latter. The beauty of Bach's music arises in no small measure from the skill with which the continuous melodic outlines assigned to the different parts are designed and disposed with regard to one another so as to blend into a tuneful whole: just as the abstract beauty of a line drawing depends upon the purity of lines and upon a subtly contrived scheme of contrast and symmetry which combines them into an effective unity. And the beauty of such sculpture of Phidias as we know is much akin to that of a line drawing, depending more on the vigor, the rhythm of its great lines than upon a delicate handling of surface. The vitality of the art of Phidias and Bach alike springs from the interweaving of outlines, majestic, severely restrained, yet eternally true. Exalted conception, simple execution: these are of the

essence of their art. A greater mastery of medium the later masters were to acquire: a higher elevation of conception no sculptor, no musician would thereafter exclusively express.

Following this age of epic grandeur, came, in both sculpture and music, a period wherein a further advance was made in the methods of artistic execution, and, correlated with it, an extension in the range of matter represented. The subject tended on the whole to be less heroic in character, more in touch with the actualities of human life: so far, that is, as a strict maintenance of the balance between expression and the requirements of formal beauty permitted. In sculpture the fourth century tendency towards the truly artistic expression of widely diverse sentiment culminated in the masterly productions of Praxiteles, Lysippus and Scopas: while the analogous tendency in music came to a climax in the symphonies of Beethoven. No longer does the divine aspect of things supply the supreme motive to the sculptor in the second period of Attic super-excellence: Praxiteles endows the gods with a far more human complexion than the gods of Phidias wore. The Hermes of the later master seems lost in dreamy reverie: the Aphrodite is not so much a divine Urania as an image of purely womanly beauty, human, much to be desired. The features in which the sculpture of Praxiteles excelled were grace of pose, softness, and delicacy of modelling whereby play of surface, the true equivalent of color in sculpture, is obtained: and, together with these, an extraordinary power to represent flesh and texture generally. Yet notwithstanding the greater diversity of subject this mastery of medium brought within the scope of the sculptor's art, still with Praxiteles and his contemporaries the desire for expressive effect never outstripped the capacity for sym-

bolism proper to the medium in which they worked. In the delineation of sentiment they marked the limit, to go beyond which was to endanger the sacrifice of beauty of form.

And the symphonies of Beethoven exhibit the same artistic principles. The humanity of this master expresses itself in a vastly wider range of mood than the concentrated religious idealism of Bach. The jesting scherzo is no less typical of Beethoven's personality than those sublime slow movements which loosen the listener's spirit awhile from consciousness of the things of this world and seem to disclose something of the promise of what lies beyond. The advent of harmony and the organization of orchestral combination gave to the music of Beethoven a luxuriant richness of texture, comparable to the dissolving tones and the contrasts of a mezzotint if the polyphony of Bach be likened to a drawing of lines not softened by light and shade. Yet throughout Beethoven's work the essence of his artistic purpose is to convey whatever he may wish to say through the medium of a form, beautiful, musically, in itself. Never does he attempt to delineate feeling which his art is incapable of communicating alone. In sustaining the balance of form and expression, the triumph of Beethoven is as supreme in music as that of Praxiteles in sculpture.

Towards the end of the fourth century B.C., the brilliant Attic period came to a close with the fall of the Greek republic. One consequence of the conquest of the East by Alexander was the dispersal of the Greek sculptors over Asia Minor, where, for two centuries or more, Greek sculpture proper wore out its weary age. Especially typical of this, the decadent phase of sculpture, is the art of Pergamum and Rhodes. We have already seen that Phidias and his contempora-

ries of the fifth century exhausted the capacity of sculpture for the expression of divine motives and established the types of the gods for all time; and that Praxiteles, Lysippus and Scopas travelled, in the representation of human sentiment, to the utmost extreme possible within the limits of formal beauty. The direction of progress was from the religious motive and the majestic execution of the early sculpture, to the universality of sentiment and greater splendor of execution of the later. Two courses were at first followed by the sculptors of the Hellenistic age. The attempt to maintain the traditions of a period after the conditions which gave authority to them have disappeared is nowhere more fatal than in art. The followers of the Praxitelean ideal soon fell into mannerism, elegance and effeminacy; their work was devoid of the true vitality which belongs to a product spontaneously born of the conditions of its time. Gradually another tendency prevailed: though the deterioration of the artistic ideal was exceedingly slow and betrayed itself at first only in small details of conception or execution. The drift was definitely towards an extension of expressive effect. No longer did the thoughts, the imaginations of the sculptor express themselves naturally in beautiful forms: the desire for realistic effect was the ruling passion of that age. One symptom of the decay was a love for allegorical representation, and for impassioned, dramatic groups which should appeal immediately to the primitive feelings of the cultured and the uncultured alike.

The desire to render dramatic action was by no means new in sculpture: though in the fifth century this tendency was exhibited solely in the decorative art which formed part of an architectural design. Such were the famous groups of the Parthenon, probably executed under the direction of

Phidias himself. The difference between these sculptures and the dramatic groups of the decadence is great. In the former the symbolism is ideal: the figures, and their grouping, are intrinsically beautiful in form, while the action is unimportant: whereas in the latter the figures are rendered with realistic power, and the interest centres in the circumstances of the action itself. Certainly, to the fourth century one group of independent sculpture is usually attributed—that representing the tragic fate of Niobe and her children: but in that the figures are rendered with a due observance of the requirements of formal beauty, and nowhere is nobility and grace of conception sacrificed to realistic expression. The same cannot be asserted of the dramatic sculpture of the decadence. In the battle of Gods and Giants modelled round the great altar of Zeus at Pergamum, a wonderfully vivid group, the masterly technique of which has possibly never been excelled, the contortions of giants in the stress of combat or in the agony of death are given with tremendous force. The dramatic power of the composition is undoubtedly: but the repose and dignity typical of the earlier ages are therein superseded by a restless variety of line and a desire for expression which knows no bounds but serves a purpose quite other than that of beauty of form. The allegorical element, too, is present to such an extent that the sculptors, apparently recognizing that they had gone beyond the limit of the capacity of their medium for characterization, found it desirable to label the personages introduced.

The distance in the direction of realism to which the later Rhodian sculptors went is well illustrated by the well-known Laocoön group. Its excellence in design and execution cannot be denied; yet the fact remains that the aim of the sculptors was to present

an almost scientific record of the pathology of pain rather than an artistic form of beauty. In addition to realism, the group exhibits another prominent feature of decadent art. The sculptors, in the pursuance of realistic effect, have chosen a subject beyond the scope of their medium. Does the Laocoön group tell its own story completely? Should we have really understood the significance of this group if the history of Laocoön had not been preserved for us in the poetry of Virgil or elsewhere? Sculpture is limited by its nature to the representation of an isolated point of time, a circumstance which confines the sculptor's choice to subjects which can be fully rendered by a single impression. This condition cannot be fulfilled by the climax of a tragedy, for a painful episode does not compose a tragedy in itself, but only in relation to the sequence of events which culminates therein. The tragic fate of Laocoön and his sons cannot be really apprehended except through a knowledge of the special circumstances which determined their destruction. Sculpture such as the Laocoön group or the Farnese Bull, appreciation of which depends somewhat upon the support afforded by the literary account of an action which the sculpture but inadequately represents, has no claim to be considered purely as sculpture. It owes much of its effect to the pathos inspired by the story itself. Only in the period of decadence did sculpture voluntarily quit the province within which alone it could exist as an independent art. The sacrifice of beauty of form to the desire for realistic imitation; the choice of subjects incompletely intelligible except a literary account be also provided—these are the most marked symptoms of the period of decadent sculpture which set in after the death of Praxiteles and the fall of the Greek republic.

And what of the trend of musical art since Beethoven's day? We noticed two tendencies in the Hellenistic age of sculpture: one, to maintain the tradition of the past, an endeavor which finally ended in lifeless imitation; the other, to transcend the restrictions of beautiful form, and to indulge in a more intense, a realistic expression. Have not tendencies analogous to these been active in music during the nineteenth century? Almost a century has passed since Beethoven's last symphony was produced, during which time many symphonies have been composed: but what organic growth can the symphony form show as the result? Some advance may have been made by Brahms in the further organization of key relationships and in utilizing the polyphonic expedients which Bach had employed some century and a half before: but can it be seriously urged that Brahms has carried the balance of form and expression to a higher pitch of perfection than that attained by Beethoven? Though further removed from Beethoven in point of time than this composer from Mozart, does not Brahms owe infinitely more to Beethoven, in addition to his debt to Bach, than Beethoven owed to Mozart? Herein there is no intention to appreciate Beethoven at the expense of Brahms. Even if the art of Brahms be no advance, from the point of view of evolution, upon that of Beethoven, there can be little question as to its integrity. But the issue is quite definite: if the art of Brahms does not represent a further development of the ideal which Beethoven perfected, then it is imitative rather than progressive. The former claim can scarcely be upheld: and there seems no way of avoiding the conclusion that, considered in relation to the principle of the balance of form and expression, Brahms represents a retrogression, rather than an advance, from Bee-

thoven's artistic ideal. To be more accurate, if Brahms stands for an advance at all, then for an advance in musical science, but not in musical art.

On the whole it seems most reasonable to regard the other characteristic exhibited by nineteenth-century music as the predominant and natural tendency of the age—a tendency towards a greater intensity of expression, or "expressive characterization," to quote Sir Hubert Parry's phrase. This ideal of musical art found in Schumann and Berlioz, the Romantic composers, its first important exponents: from them the succession passes unbroken through Liszt and Tschaiikovsky to Richard Strauss. It is true that some of these wrote symphonies; but it may be said that the desire for vivid expression has proved a more powerful impulse to them than beauty of musical form. In no sense do their symphonies stand for the balance of form and expression, though they do present a closer approach to this ideal than a later musical development—the symphonic poem, in which the tendency towards intense expression finds a far greater measure of liberty from the restraint imposed by considerations of beauty which the symphony form implies.

Not infrequently the symphonic poem is described as a new musical form. A brief inquiry will suffice to show that this is not strictly accurate. A purely musical form must grow, organically, out of the characteristic qualities of the musical medium, and be determined solely by these. By the symphonic poem, by any music written to a programme, this condition cannot be fulfilled, for the simple reason that the relationship of the parts to one another is decided, not by those natural laws of musical form from which the symphony sprang, but by the emotional exigencies of a literary scheme, by no means necessarily framed to conform with the psycho-physiological principles

upon which the existence of pure music depends. Let us not, then, confuse the issue with the idea that the symphonic poem is a further development of the symphony form. The name is, in truth, inept and liable to mislead: for the kind of music to which it is applied, in Herr Weingartner's phrase, "psychologico-dramatic variations," would, in general, prove a more accurate, if a cumbersome, title.

So far devoid, in fact, of musical form are the more progressive symphonic poems, and all programme compositions properly so-called, that as music they are incompletely intelligible. An intimate knowledge of the literary scheme which the composer followed is necessary to their proper appreciation. And this is a circumstance of no little importance: from it may be traced a clear analogy between programme music and decadent sculpture such as the *Laocoön* and the *Farnese Bull*. "Die Ideale" of Liszt: Tschaiikovsky's "Francesca da Rimini," and Strauss's "Don Quixote" do not aim at expression through the resources of music as an independent art. Not through beauty of musical form do they attain intelligibility, but through the medium of a verbal explanation. Does not the "Don Quixote" of Richard Strauss owe as much of its effect to the pathetic humor of Cervantes's story as the *Laocoön* group to the tragic history narrated by Virgil and others?

It is, perhaps, desirable to point out that the addition of a programme to music is not, in itself, evidence of the decadence of the symphonic poem. Any argument based on this circumstance would also apply to the song and the music drama. But there is in this connection a consideration which is not always recognized that while the song, the music drama, is frankly a joint union of music and literature, programme music professes to be the successor of the independent music of

the past, and as such its relation to the development of musical art must be judged. There can be no question of the legitimacy of programme music as a form of musical activity: the sole contention submitted here is that though legitimate, programme music is also a decadent tendency, and this because it has renounced the artistic independence which distinguished music of the symphony type.

Composers of programme music are naturally loath to admit that such music is not comprehensible save through the medium of a programme. The practice of Richard Strauss has been to publish his tone poems unaccompanied by verbal explanation: yet among his staunchest supporters are those who clamored most insistently for the programme. They justly realized the necessity of the programme, and, by devious paths, the programmes have come forth. Still to admit—and it is impossible to deny—the necessity of the programme is to confess, in most unmistakable terms, the weakness of programme music, if it be regarded as the substitute for the independent symphony of the past.

And why is much recent music unintelligible except when explained by a programme? The introduction of the realistic element into a medium essentially conventional was noted as a typical indication of the decadence of Greek sculpture. Now music is even less susceptible to realistic expression than sculpture. The necessity for programmes is, in truth, to be ascribed to the attempt to compel realistic effects from a medium fundamentally ideal. No matter how great the skill of a composer, he cannot depict in musical terms alone the particular characters of an event, say the hanging of Till Eulenspiegel. A catastrophe, a woe-ful calamity, may be expressed in a general sense by a drop from a high to a lower register when set in a fitting

context: but if such a drop be taken to signify a fall, and this is by no means inevitable, it might just as easily express a fatal fall over a cliff or down a well as the specific act of hanging. Music can convey the general atmosphere of sentiment which an incident evokes; but cannot, by itself, specify the attributes which distinguish one incident from all others. To music words must be added to indicate individual characters or specific situations, for such is beyond the capacity of music as an independent art.

The abandonment of the art to realism, and, as a consequence, the forfeiture of its independence as an artist—by these characteristics the decadent sculpture of the Hellenistic period was marked. Equally essential features are they also of music which requires a programme. The analogy between the development of Greek sculpture and music, close as it is in the other stages of evolution, is nowhere more in evidence than in the correspondence of the intrinsic characters of decadent sculpture with those of programme music. The decay of Greek sculpture is usually attributed to the causes which resulted in the break up of the Greek republic; and the growth of the modern spirit, democratic, rationalistic, may, perhaps, be held to account, in part, for the decadence of the greatest art of modern civilization. But this seems a somewhat artificial way of viewing the facts. It is much more reasonable to suppose that the real cause of decadence is to be found in the nature of art itself, and that the spirit of the time simply waits, as it were, upon the course which an art is predestined to follow. However this may be, the proximate cause for the direction which modern music has taken is, without doubt, the influence exercised by Wagner, the strongest personality in the musical world since Beethoven. The central fact of Wagner's psychol-

ogy is that of a dramatic genius endowed not with a literary but with a musical faculty of a peculiar kind. His aim, as a musician, was quite definite: to develop the capacity of music in such directions as would help to enhance the emotional appeal of drama. Dramatic effect of the kind which Wagner sought depends essentially upon the arrangement of contrasting individualities in specific groupings or situations: that is upon the organization of characters not general but particular. The ideal of music, practically up to Wagner's day, had been the expression of generalizations through the medium of beautiful forms. Wagner's revolution was directed towards making music as individual as possible. For his purpose a beautiful musical form was quite unnecessary: he gave us the *leitmotiv* instead, a device whereby the attributes associated with a certain individual or agency might be vividly recalled to mind through the law of association. The *leitmotiv* method is of the essence of realism; and to Wagner's successful use of it may be ascribed the realism which much of the later music, though not intended for the theatre, exhibits.

To estimate the precise value to music drama of Wagner's revolution in music is beyond the purpose of the present paper: the fact is mentioned here only because of the influence which this change in the character of music has exercised upon the subsequent development of programme music. It has been said that Wagner killed the symphony: certain is it that he has given a most powerful impulse to realism, to individualized expression, to the neglect of musical form, to all the tendencies for which the symphonic poem now stands. Wagner's example has been pleaded as the excuse for the committal of many extravagances in musical characterization, for many of-

fences against the laws of form. The curious thing is that Wagner himself foresaw the danger of applying the realistic method to music intended for the concert room. He went so far as to warn musicians against the practice of composing music to a programme. Yet Wagner's example has proved a greater force than his warning. In spite of the obvious difference between the requirements of music for the theatre and of music for the concert room, Wagner's practice has proved so acceptable to the spirit of the time that most recent music tends towards the impassioned, dramatic, ideal.

Of no little interest at this juncture is a consideration of the psychology of the appreciation of music: particularly in reference to the change effected in it by the growth of realism, of unrestrained expression, in music. Beethoven stood for the balance of form and expression: the prevailing tendency since his day has been to favor expression at the expense of form. Now the appreciation of beauty of musical form depends upon the cultivation of a taste, which, even if inherent, needs to be educated. Artistic interest in the beauty of form accordingly springs from the intellectual faculty. Expression, on the other hand, directs its appeal to the feelings: appreciation of it is in no sense regulated by culture, but is beyond the direction or control of the individual will. The appreciation of expression is doubtless a function of the emotions. The balance of form and expression, then, translated into psychological terms, means the balance of the intellectual and the emotional factors in a musical composition; to develop expression at the sacrifice of form is equivalent to increasing the emotional power of music without enlarging, to a corresponding degree, its artistic interest for the intellect. To

enhance the emotional value of music to the utmost was, indeed, Wagner's repeatedly expressed ambition: as a consequence of this master's phenomenal genius, non-theatre music also attempts to play upon feelings, and pays but little regard to the restrictions which beauty of form requires. "Berlioz," wrote Sir Hubert Parry, "works on the raw impressionable side of human creatures, and excites them to an abnormal degree"; from Berlioz, yet even more from Wagner, according to the greater measure of his genius, does the intense emotional element in recent music proceed.

The close analogy between programme music and the sculpture of the decadent period is evidence of no little significance in support of the view that this phase of music represents the incipient decadence of the art. Still, arguments based upon analogy are sometimes regarded with suspicion; yet, apart from this evidence, the study of the evolution of independent music discloses the fact that programme music is a retrograde tendency. What, in fact, was the origin of the symphony?—for this the symphonic poem assuredly tends to supersede. Up to the first great climax in musical art the most successful music was undoubtedly that accompanied by words, though to Bach, at least, the music was the sole consideration, as is clearly enough indicated by the fact that three of the most esteemed numbers included in the B Minor Mass were originally composed to words quite different from those to which they are now set. Still it was not from Bach's music, not even from his concerted pieces of purely orchestral music, that the symphony came into existence; but from the result of experiments in solo music for the violin and harpsichord, made by Italian composers more or less contemporary with Bach—Corelli, Vivaldi, and Scamuzzi. Their efforts to make solo

music interesting, through the organization of contrasts within some symmetrical scheme, came to fruition in a primitive sonata form. As the principles of harmony were discovered, they, too, were employed as a further element of contrast and unity in design. Meanwhile the opera was the most popular musical entertainment in Italy; and, as the resources of musical composition grew, the music to the opera, at first of but little consequence, gathered importance and established a claim to interest of its own. Composers were not slow to utilize the opportunity with which the operatic overtures provided them; and, at last, these compositions became so interesting that they were occasionally performed apart from the opera. The favorable reception of these overtures acted as an incentive to the composition of the earliest independent orchestral overtures, and, finally, of the symphony itself, built upon the principles which compose the sonata form. No stress need be laid upon the fact that the operatic overtures, even when not followed by operatic performances, owed their acceptance largely to the reminiscences of the operatic libretto which they called forth; their appreciation turned upon precisely the same psychological conditions as that of contemporary music which bases its appeal upon a literary scheme. To replace the symphony, the highest achievement hitherto attained by independent music, by a type of dependent music similar to that from which the symphony developed, is to return to the lower level from which music was lifted far away back in the eighteenth century. It is difficult to interpret this regression as other than a sign of the decadence of programme music.

The analogy which the evolution of music shows to that of Greek sculpture and the inference drawn from the history of the development of independent

music itself, both lead to the conclusion that programme music is a decadent tendency. Yet, even so, is all music of this kind to be condemned merely on this account? Perhaps not. Decadence in art is as inevitable as the coming of winter in the cycle of the seasons, or as the approach of old age in the life of man. Even decadent art, if it be the spontaneous outgrowth of the composer's own personality and ideals, is preferable to academic art, which is but a conscious imitation of the high achievements of some more happy age. Recognition of the decadence of programme music is, indeed, mainly of value to the critic. The artistic ideal of a decadent age is quite different from that of earlier periods; and in the estimation of decadent art this circumstance must be taken into consideration. The excellence of the *Laocoön* as a composition in sculpture is to be attributed to qualities quite other than those which compose the excellence of the *Aphrodite of Praxiteles*. To cavil at programme music

merely because of its realism, or because it does not exhibit the beauty of musical symmetry is as intelligent as to complain that the quality of the air-nourished, speckled orchid is not that of the hedgeside rose. The *Symphonia Domestica* of Richard Strauss, estimated by Beethoven's C Minor Symphony as the standard, is wanting in beauty of form. As a statement of fact this cannot be questioned, though it is somewhat irrelevant to the issue. It is not the function of an enlightened criticism merely to condemn a work because it does not exhibit qualities its composer never meant it to possess. The evaluation of a composer's artistic ideal is certainly an important function of criticism, but beyond this there is still the question whether the composer has carried his intentions successfully into effect. We cannot but admit the decadence of programme music; but let us not refuse our sympathy to whatsoever healthy vitality it may, in spite of this, possess.

*George Lilley.*

*The Contemporary Review.*

## AT THE SIGN OF THE PLOUGH.

PAPER VII.—ON THE WORKS AND LETTERS OF W. M. THACKERAY.

BY THE RT. HON. SIR ALGERNON WEST, G. C. B.

1. Where did Becky Sharp live in Brussels?
2. What did Thackeray, when visiting a splendid palace, want to see?
3. What musical criticism was passed by one maiden lady to another upon an awkward billet-doux?
4. Who said "thou didst not let the sun into thy garret for fear he should bring a bailiff with him"?
5. What scriptural words were used at a reconciliation in a chapel?
6. Give the words of a prince's bitter grief at the loss of thwarted hopes and ambitions?
7. Who said, "I economical—my wife has nothing, and I have nothing—

- I suppose a man can't live under that"?
8. How does Thackeray paraphrase Shakespeare's saying that "misfortunes never come as single spies"?
9. What do women find particularly attractive in clergymen?
10. Of whom was Thackeray writing when he said, "There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute"?
11. What was Swift's bitterest satire quoted by Thackeray?
12. What man of letters had ancestors whose swords were crossed first in war and then in peace?

*The Cornhill Magazine.*

## THE MASTER OF CARRICK.

## CHAPTER IV.

Of what took place that night in Inchkerry I could have had no definite account but for the most fortuitous of chances. It so happened that I had an intimate friend in that place, a Captain Dewar of the cargo-boat *Fair Weather*, a St. Andrews man of my own day, and indeed originally designed for the Church till he found the calls of a seafaring life too strong for resistance. By one of those coincidences in which old Mr. Nicoll used to behold the hand of Providence unstintingly displayed, this Dewar was the principal—and indeed the only—witness of the occurrence; and as it was a tale he was never tired of telling, though by a human failing he added some fresh personal embellishment with each narration, I have had no lack of opportunity to picture the scene for myself.

On this dreadful night, when the Master came back to Scotsbrig in the rain, my friend had been engaged in the transaction of some business with the port-master at Queensferry, and with one thing and another they had made rather a late sitting of it. As I have already told, it was none too fine a night, and down by the Forth, it seems, the fog had lain like a wall, so that, what with the darkness and the difficulty of the way, it would be getting on for midnight by the time he came in sight of Inchkerry. To enter the town from this side you must needs descend a long and tortuous hill, and to the foot of this Dewar had just come when he was amazed to hear a horseman peltting down after him as if in deadly haste. The captain, supposing it to be but some one galloping for a doctor or on some such business, and being little minded to stand about in such a night, was holding on his way, and was

just abreast of the school when the rider caught him up and hailed him from the saddle.

"My man," cried he in a tone of some authority, "can you point me to the schoolhouse?"

Dewar showed him the schoolhouse just on the other side of the way, and without a word he turned and trotted his horse up to the porch. There was something in the quiet, business-like manner of all this that roused the captain's curiosity, and he crept back into an alleyway, whence presently he heard the Master beating a thunderous tattoo on Leitch's door.

It would seem from what happened that Leitch was not unused to midnight visitors of a peremptory order—a striking testimony to his dubious modes of living I have hinted at—for he made no survey of the Master from a window, as an ordinary man might have done; or if he did, he must have failed to note any cause for suspicion. I am inclined to suppose myself that he was even in expectation of some message that night, for in an incredibly short space of time there came a great rattling of bolts, and he appeared in the doorway, ready dressed and with a light in his hand. The Master meanwhile had never left his saddle, but remained well aside from the door, so as to hold the schoolmaster peering forward into the darkness.

"Who is there?" said Leitch anxiously.

"Are you Gordon Leitch?" said the Master, as if, Dewar said, a cloth were tied over his mouth.

"I am," said the schoolmaster. "Will you state your business?" and for answer came two pistol-shots crashing in his face. "He cried out once," said Dewar, "while the horse reared its own height on the cobbles, and then

the light went out in the wind and rain, and the Master was flying down the street with his beast stretched out like a greyhound."

Dewar ran across the road all in a shiver, and found Leitch still twitching and tossing on his doorstep; but even as the captain came up his head went rattling back on the stones and he stiffened out in death. He had received the Master's first ball through the left eye, and his second through the neck, and he could not have lived two minutes.

As for the Master, I never heard how he spent that night, but I picture him flying over the splashing roads towards Pettyeur well on towards the dawn. What were his thoughts and where he made for I have no means of saying; and, indeed, I fancy he himself neither knew nor greatly cared. When a man of the Master's caste has stooped to shoot in cold blood such a creature as Leitch it betokens a strange state of mind, and one that has little reck of consequence. Whatever may have passed in the Master's mind that night, I fancy he had scant place there for the future.

We got the news in Scotsbrig the next forenoon; and, for all the tragedy and terror of the thing, I think that to me it was mostly a relief to have it out at last and done with.

After this there came another of those intolerable and heart-rending periods of suspense that ran on from hours into days and from days into weeks. During all this weary time there was no news brought to Scotsbrig, or rather some report came almost daily, only to be contradicted within the hour. First we would hear that the Master was lying hidden at Lathrisk or Balgonie, or some such place; then that he was found dead; then that he had won safe to France; and, lastly, that he was no farther off

than the Covenanters' Cave on the Bishop's Hill. But in all this was very poor satisfaction, so that in the end we gave over showering questions on every traveller that passed from the south for very weariness of these and similar falsehoods.

In my wanderings of these days I would often meet with old Mr. Nicoll and his daughter, who was now returned to the manse. The old man was sadly broken by these fierce events; indeed, I hold them in no small degree responsible for his death, for he never really recovered. He leaned very heavily on Ailie's arm, and walked now with a more pronounced stoop and a more feeble air of abstraction. At first I would stop to give him good-morning; but latterly I kept out of his way, for I learnt that he could scarcely bear the sight of me, and always suspected me, by some quirk of an enfeebled reasoning, of having played some villainous design upon him and his. I am told that he would often be heard to say, "MacConnachie must have known of this," or "MacConnachie might have warned me;" though Heaven knows I had done nothing but warn him for months past. Thus it came that I saw but little of the minister's family at that time, nor knew much of how they took these dreadful occurrences.

As for Ailie—though it may be brutal on my part to say it—she had the opportunity of her life. For she was ever an actress, and though it was a painful sight enough to see her walk down the village with her father as stiff as a post, with her white face and her eyes set fast on nothing, still there was overmuch of a pose in it all. I think even the village folk misdoubted her sincerity of heart as much as I did myself, for, with a fault common to young actors, her part was sadly overdone. Heaven forgive me if I misjudge the lass; but I dare swear that

even at that very time she was setting her cap at the minister's son from Kinross, who came over three or four Sabbaths to take Mr. Nicoll's discourse for him. The king of Ailie's affections could never die, and that is all that can be said about it.

The only real news that came our way in these dark days was what we learned of the Master's dealings in the cause of the Jacobites. It seemed that in this interest he had been extremely busy, yet in a clever and inconspicuous manner that left the Whiggish gentlemen at Edinburgh hard put to it to find anything definite on which they might lay their hands. Yet it was plain enough that if ever he came before them they would think twice before they let him go.

I got the ill tidings in the end from the man I should have deemed the least likely—Lord Carrick himself. I came upon him quite suddenly one afternoon seated on a stone fallen from one of his own broken-down dikes, his head in his hands, and everything about him testifying to the most supreme dejection. This was so great a change from the jubilance he had shown at our last meeting as to send my heart straight to the blackest of forebodings, which were but strengthened when he raised to me a face in which rage and vexation fought hard for the uppermost hand.

"Good-day, MacConnachie," said he. "You'll have heard the news?"

"What news is that, my lord?" said I, with a sinking heart.

"Rab's taken," said he, and drummed his feet on the ground. "You may well stare," he went on after a pause, during which I could do nothing but gaze at him over the head of this fresh disaster. "He was taken at his uncle's"—his uncle was Lord Graham of Dourie, in Midlothian, and one of the staunchest Whigs in the south of Scotland—"and what fool's nonsense

brought him there is more than I can conjecture. Graham of Dourie would give away his own son if he so much as let on he knew there was such a name as Stuart in the language. I knew Rab was a fool, but I did him the honor to think him at least sane."

"Is there no hope of escape, my lord?" I asked.

"Escape!" cried he, slashing the grass with his stick. "Escape! with a benchful of Whigs praising the Lord for delivering him into their hands? Are you mad too?"

He sat in silence for a while with his brows all puckered up, and then, "It is very hard on me," he said.

"My lord," I cried, "be sure I sympathize with you most deeply. For a father to lose his son——"

"For a father to lose his fiddlestick!" he roared. "You mistake my meaning, man. If it came to love, he and I split little of that by the way. But here is a fellow with whom I have taken all manner of pains. I have brought him up in the way he should go, and I have done him the honor to entrust him a place, an important place, in the interests I hold most dear. And, first thing, this doit, this fool, must needs run his calf's head straight into the noose all over a farmyard wench and a reprobate of a thieving schoolmaster!"

He stuttered and choked for an instant in his rage, and then sprang to his feet. "What have I done," he cried, cracking his fingers like pistol-shots, "to be cursed with a madman for a son, as well as a rake?"

"My lord," said I, "be of better heart. Things may take a turn."

He looked at me at first as though he were ready for another outburst, then suddenly his thoughts seemed to change.

"I believe," said he, looking at me with something of his old dryness—"I believe you may be a truer prophet

than you think;" and then with a startling violence, "Mark my words, MacConnachie, there's many a slip between cup and lip; but we'll drink that liquor yet."

I think now that I never saw the real Lord Carrick save in these minutes; for once he was shaken out of his cynicism and his lassitude, and showed himself for the dangerous old plotter he was.

It so chanced that the school was up on holidays at the time, and so I stayed in Edinburgh the two days of the Master's trial. Of the proceedings themselves I never missed a moment, and so I brought away with me the fullest possible knowledge of the facts, together with a number of scattered impressions of places and people, mixed, I regret to say, with a very definite distaste for legal procedure and method. For indeed it was a dull case enough, for the evidence was all against the Master; and, for the matter of that, a far poorer prosecution would have passed muster with such a tribunal as sat in judgment over him. Lord Carrick had spoken of a benchful of Whigs, and the Master's ill fortune had brought him against some of the bitterest in the land.

I have no wish to enter into the details of the trial, and indeed I much doubt if I could recapitulate the one half of that confusion of formulæ and argument. All I have carried away with me consists in a few scattered pictures: one of the old Parliament Hall itself, dim and dusty and full of hollow noises; another of the Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Cockburn of Ormiston, with the rosy face that belied one of the hardest and most Whiggish hearts in the country, him that men used to call the curse of Scotland when the nine of diamonds came up at the cards; and yet another of Dalrymple of Hailes, the Lord Advocate, with his

habit of breaking out into fiery little bursts of speech that tried the ear to follow. I have, too, the clearest possible recollection of the Master's counsel, young Murray of Dungairn, who they said would have been the first in the Faculty had he but steered clear of the bottle and the Jacobites. And there is one other picture that I like to think of as little as may be—the Doomster, a long, thin man in black and gray and silver lace, coming in to read the sentence of death.

In the dock the Master behaved himself throughout with a quiet dignity of bearing I had scarce expected. I had thought of him as standing dour and sullen and churlish, and so, I think, our old Master Robert might have done; but he seemed with all these terrible events to have vested himself in a new fashion of deportment more becoming to his rank. When asked whether or no he were guilty of the crime charged against him, he made answer in the most resolute of voices, "Not guilty of murder, my lords;" and so, I think, he did indeed believe, for a man does not talk of murdering a snake or a venomous beast. He received his sentence with an air of almost insolent indifference and the bearing of one who is wearied by the tediousness of what goes on around him.

To my mind the person who came worst out of the whole ordeal was Mistress Ailie herself. None had so grave an idea of the importance of the occasion as she, nor so personal an interest in its possibilities. Her evidence amounted to little or nothing, for in the beginning she had little to give, and such trifles as she had she could not or would not make coherent; but I am ready to swear that, between swooning-fits and tears and irrelevancy, she stood in the box a good hour and a half. It was doubtless highly effective, but owing to the dulness of the trial there were but few present to see;

and I think I will not be accused of any injustice if I say that these feminine arts would have gained in value by a more stinted display or a more judicious choice of occasion.

I stayed but long enough after the reading of the Master's sentence to request the boon of a short interview with him, and on this being refused with some courtesy, I set out with a sore heart on the road to Scotsbrig. For I conceived that we were come to the end of this business at last, and it was a sad day in all conscience for me.

And yet I do not think it could have been more than a fortnight after this that we heard of the Master's escape. It is an incident I should like to be able to describe in some detail of circumstance; but this is precluded by the fact that it is a matter of which neither I nor any other man can give any reliable account. The Master's escape is narrated in all manner of ways and attributed to every conceivable agency, yet the real fashion of its accomplishment no man knows. One story has it that he obtained a free pardon; another that he broke prison with the help of a dirk secreted in his clothes; and yet another—which, for the romance of it, I am fain to credit—that he escaped through the assistance of his cousin Lady Mary Cochrane, who changed clothes with him and so got him past the guards. But I fear that after such tales as these the real story, were it known, would prove but a grievous disappointment. I fancy that a few Jacobite friends working in his interest and a few skilfully administered bribes will explain with some nearness to the truth how the Master made his escape from the prison of Edinburgh. But be that as it may, the fact remains that he did in some manner contrive to regain his freedom, and, being once more at large in the

world, made haste to withdraw himself from the ken of all who knew him.

I think that none of us in Scotsbrig had any thought that we should ever set eyes on the Master again; and indeed, now that the stir of this wild affair was finally laid, the folk of the Bishopshire let him slip from their minds. For that was a time of stress and incident, and news of great doings that filtered through into our little backwater by the medium of stray travellers on the North Road. There were tales of risings and rebellions, plot and counter-plot, to make your brain go dizzy; and though we peaceful folk held fast to the principles of Whiggery and had little in the way of action, still we heard news from the north of standards raised in the name of James Stuart, and of fiery crosses sent abroad in the mountains of Perthshire, such as our Lowland ears could only hear and admire. For myself, I was frequently at some pains to analyze my feelings on this great question, yet with little satisfaction. I make no doubt that but for the Master I should have been staunch to the Whigs, but I have told this tale amiss if I have not made it all too clear that the wishes of that unfortunate young gentleman had a tendency to become mine; yet I could not altogether bring myself to cast in my favor with the rebels, and so I remained neither one thing nor another, and had no part in these matters even in conversation.

Thus I was left to a loneliness even greater than before, for Mr. Nicoll was taken poorly, and little disposed to see me even at that; and Lord Carrick, with whom I might have exchanged a word, was constantly buried with mysterious papers in the top chamber of his castle, with as much ado as if he alone were responsible for the whole movement. In this lack of companionship I was driven to an overclose habit

of reading, mainly in the sphere of philosophy and metaphysics; but I found these studies overwearing for constant attention, and so in the end I was left to my own thoughts. And it was in the depth of this loneliness and depression that the Master came to see me.

He came not long after lamplight on a gusty night of October, and he had pushed open the door and walked into my little room before I knew that aught was happening. He had the air of one who had ridden far and hard, and as he tossed his hat on to the table and sank into a chair he heaved a sigh of the profoundest relief. All this time I was so much taken aback that I could do nought but stay gaping where I was, half-risen from my seat, with my book fallen to the floor beside me. Yet I had sense enough left to note with appreciation a still further improvement in his bearing, for though his face was drawn with weariness, he carried himself with a striking air of confidence and all the mien of a gentleman and a commander.

At the sight of my staring face he burst into a roar of laughter. "MacConnachie," said he, "ye seem some amazed to see me."

"Amazed indeed, and happy, Master Robert," said I, finding my tongue at last; "for we thought never to see you again."

His face clouded. "And like as not," said he "ye never will—after this night. There is trouble afoot now. MacConnachie, that will never be settled cheaply."

"Then, Master Robert," said I, "is it safe for you to be here?"

"To tell ye the truth," he made answer, "I fear it is far otherwise; but I have little heed of that now. Besides, they say folk don't hunt for devils in churches, on which principle they'll look for me in a few places before they come to Scotsbrig. The truth is, I

was ridden near done, scouring about among the "honest folk" up in Perthshire, and there was your light shining as I came by, and a kind soul, I knew, behind it, and there was an end of it all."

"And I am happy you came, Master Robert," I said, and pressed him to take some food, but he would have none of it.

"I must be off to the south ere many minutes," said he. "This is no more than a farewell visit."

I was just about to question him as to the manner of his faring since last I had seen him; and already, so elastic is human hope, I was planning out a brighter future than anything that had yet been, when the final catastrophe—for so I must regard it—of all this ill-starred business came upon us. There was a rush of light footfalls without, and a great gust of wind as the door flew open, and there was Allie, flushed and breathless, with her hair all blown about her eyes. She had seen the Master pass the manse, and had come hot-foot after him just as she was. She stood an instant in the frame of the doorway, then came straight to the table and with a sudden movement threw out both her arms.

I cannot describe the expression that came over the Master's face at that moment. He had risen to his feet as the door opened, and he now remained standing, or rather half-leaning against the table, with his head thrust forward and the lamplight playing full on his features. It was the face of one struck out of half his senses by some great emotion—a face in which all manner of frightful temptations fought for the mastery, in which fierce impulses chased each other as I have seen the cloud-shadows come and go on the loch. He made no sound, but he breathed like a man in a lethargy, and the hand he rested on the table twitched. I think if I could have

found my voice I should have screamed at her to go, but I had never a word left.

How long they may have stood so gazing at each other across the table Heaven knows, but at last she broke out with what was meant for his name, but was more like a gasp or a sob cut short in the middle. He made no more heed than a thing of stone.

She fought in her throat, and at last she got out a word. "Rab," she cried, "I've come back."

Still he said never a word, but there was a dawning light of self-mastery in his eyes. She came a step nearer, and at that I think he shivered.

"Rab," she cried again most passionately, "will ye not take me back? There was never any man for me but you."

"There was a man called Gordon Leitch," said he at last, his lips dry and his voice like ice.

"Gordon Leitch!" says she, in a sudden flare of passion. "Gordon Leitch! What was he to me? I never wanted him; I never cared for him. Would God I had never seen him! It was you—you always."

I confess I have never seen a woman play a viler part or look finer in the playing of it. But the Master made

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her no reply. Very slowly he took up his hat from where it lay on the table, and then with the most dreadful deliberation he drew his pistol from his belt. All the while she stood without a move, her arms still outstretched towards him; but she watched him with a growing terror in her face. As for me, I sat speechless in my corner, fearful of I knew not what.

"Aille," said he, still as though some one else were speaking through him, "ye see this pistol? It shot your husband, and, 'fore Heaven! if you had been worth the lead it would have shot you after him. As things are I will keep it for a worthier mark."

She gave a sort of choking scream, and her gray eyes stared at him in anguish. Slowly he put the weapon back.

"I pray God," said he, with the most dreadful air of finality, "that I may never see you again!"

He turned suddenly, threw one sad smile into the corner where I sat, and was gone. I heard his horse go clattering up the hill for the last time.

I was jerked roughly back to my senses by a great crash, and there was Aille fallen forward across the table and sobbing as though the end of her world were come.

*Charles Hilton Brown.*

## ON A METHOD OF WRITING HISTORY.

Before I begin this little essay, let me consider what history is, and, next, what motive a man should have in writing it.

History is the record written by men, for men, of what men have done in times which it is beyond the power of living witnesses to reach. That is history.

It is not history to describe a contemporary matter, or, at least, if we call such a description history, then we

are putting into one category two very dissimilar things set down for dissimilar motives and with dissimilar objects; the uncompleted and the complete.

History is essentially the presentation for men now living of whatever men no longer living have achieved and of the manner of its achievement. The character of the historical art lies precisely in this, that, but for history, the knowledge of past things would

perish because no one is present to testify to them.

So much for what history is.

Now for its motive: and that is a more serious business. Why do men write history? Why has society always attempted some such establishment of the past? It is because the life of man is communal and organic; because we are what we are on account of what came before; because the past is paternal and therefore creative—creative in a much truer sense than Bergson with his confusion of metaphor and statement pretends Time to be.

It is because the Past has in a sense Authority, being very truly an *Author*, that history should exist, or rather that we have a crying need for it in human society.

That need shows itself in all sorts of ways, distorted and regular. It shows itself when men appeal to the origins of an institution in order to test its nature. It shows itself when they play the game of etymology and seek, through the descent of mere dead words, to grope at the descent of living ideas. It shows itself in the passion and quarrels that arise upon things apparently so vain as a disputed date or a doubtful inscription. It shows itself in the reverent affection which the scholar feels for his "period"; and it shows itself in the simple and beautiful eagerness of the crowd for some knowledge of the soil and the roots of its own life: there is no type of public lecture or teaching which will so hold a great popular audience as an historical description of the origin of some evil or some good which they suffer or enjoy.

It is easily perceived in all human effort that man must satisfy this craving for a knowledge of the past. It may be properly pretended that he first wrote and sculptured with the intention of preserving a record. That

great human exhalation uncorrected and spontaneous, which we call legend, is the best proof of all that human society *must* remember things beyond the stretch of one life, if it is to remain social, that is, if man is to be man at all.

There is a negative way of determining this preliminary to our subject. What happens to a society whose history is neglected?

What happens to a society whose history is false?

A society whose history is neglected grows weak.

A society whose history is false becomes diseased.

Those societies which appreciate instinctively the weakness proceeding from an ignorance of history, or from an impossibility of obtaining it, guarantee themselves as best they can by fixing their institutions with a sort of superstitious rigidity. They are in far better case than the societies which repose upon false history, for these perpetually misunderstand their own nature, proceed from blunder to blunder, and act, so far as nature will allow them so to act, against the objects and the trend of their own being.

But though the ignorant society is better off than the misinformed one, neither are in such good case nor in any way so healthy, as the society which is in full possession of its own past. That possession has a thousand advantages of detail apart from the general advantage, or rather necessity, which we have just remarked. For instance, history is the object-lesson of politics. It is the test of practicability in social experiment. It is the Judge and even the last Court of Appeal between men when they dispute as to what the true nature of their particular society may be. It acts as a corrector, both upon the lighter side by its irony and upon the graver side by its view of man's majestic process, to

all that false philosophy which would pretend good morals to be indifferent or alien to the progress of a nation.

In a word then we must have good history as we must have bread.

Now there are two clearly defined methods within either of which history may be written and it is my purpose in these few pages to maintain that we have suffered in the immediate past from having abandoned the one without having yet properly undertaken the other.

The first method is that of the Chronicler.

The chronicler sets down what may be called "the bald facts." If he is writing in a generation suitable for such a method—and those generations include the vast bulk of known historic time—his method is healthy and is sufficient. Let me give an example: The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle under the year 591 sets it down that "There was a great slaughter in Britain at Woddesbeorge and Ceawlin was expelled." Again, the anonymous continuator of Fredegarius tells us under the year 767: that "Pepin, having ordered a general levy of the Franks, came by Troyes and Auxerre as far as Bourges; there was held by his orders the customary Camp of May; he there held counsel with his Great Men."

If we look closely at this method of *chronicling*—which is the universal and only known method of historical writing over much the greater part of recorded time—we discover two curious points about it. First it is apparently the most satisfactory and truthful we can conceive. Second, it tells us today hardly anything real of the past.

What do we make nowadays of such phrases coming from a remote past? Does "a great slaughter in Britain" connote racial war? Under what standard of political ethics was Ceawlin "expelled"? Under what sanction or what police did the opera-

tion take place? Again, in regard to the second quotation, what is "a general levy of the Franks"? Who were "the Franks" in the second third of the eighth century? What was a "Camp of May," and who were "The Great Men"? Why had a King to "take counsel" with them?

All those points are matters of hot dispute between the scholars—and they are matters of hot dispute precisely because the chronicler was only a chronicler: he set down the bald facts: he was quite content and so were his readers at the time. But the process of change extended over many centuries has made him incomprehensible through his very simplicity, and for this reason, that he took for granted the whole mass of physical life around him and all the names by which every detail of that life was known.

Chronicling may be regarded as the most obvious, the most just, and the most sincere form of all historical writing—when the audience is prepared for it. It is going on all round us to-day, and will go on for ever. But its defect or limitation lies especially in this, that it assumes on the part of the reader a perfect knowledge of the society described and of the terms in which the description is made. When a modern biographer writes of some bill, let us say in 1835, "Mr. Jones was doubtful whether he could command a majority for his bill and was certain that, even if he had a majority in the Commons, it would be thrown out by the House of Lords," the modern reader though he is living seventy years afterwards, knows exactly what is meant. The words "Majority," "Commons," "House of Lords," "Bill" are familiar to him; the "bald facts" as I have called them are all he needs to know. But suppose the efflux of five hundred years, and scholars all at sea as to what the four words "Majority," "Commons," "Lords,"

"Bill," may stand for in the realities of the time. Then the chronicler, from his very simplicity, is useless to history.

Hence must arise a second or new method peculiar to those rare and probably ephemeral stages in the come and go of human affairs which we call "highly civilized": a method which should attempt a perfect resurrection of the distant past in its detail and atmosphere, and a presentation of it so living by a combination of minute information and an exact order in the marshalling of that information as shall give the reader life in the past. He meets dead people, as he would meet a living character. Their particular actions fit in with their general aspect and with all that they are as complex human organisms. Their institutions seem naturally to flow from the way they live and think and act.

This second method of writing history is necessary to those fevered and highly differentiated epochs which some would call the summits of political development, which others would call the corrupt last stages in which a State trembles with an intense activity before it dies or goes to sleep. Our own time is one of these.

I do not say that such conditions of society are good or healthy or normal or destined to endure. Personally I think they are none of any of these things. But at any rate we are living in such a stage of European society today and the history of our past can only be properly presented to us by this new or second method.

The historian in any such very active, very interested, very various and very "modern" society, can only truly present the past by making it a resurrection from the dead.

It would be readily granted by such of my readers as have busied themselves with historical study that, until

quite lately, this method has not been properly pursued.

Whether it can be pursued at all or not I shall discuss in a moment, but we must begin by admitting that the historians of the nineteenth century—picturesque, vivid, convinced, many of them sincerely learned—have not attempted the full task which I here say was theirs and ours. They have held a brief, they have replied to opponents, they have discussed difficulties, they have attempted to establish theories, but they have not raised the dead. They have not effected a resurrection of the flesh, if I may be permitted to repeat that bold metaphor.

Their lay readers have been perplexed almost in proportion as the historians have been honest, and satisfied almost in proportion as the historians have been conspicuously partisans. But it was not the honesty of the honest which made them dull, still less was it the partisanship of the partisan which gave him his wide public. The one has confused the general reader by masses of technical discussion and by the taking for granted of technical terms and of previous technical debates which the general reader cannot be expected either to have met or to care about; the other, the partisan, has achieved his unfortunate success not because he was a partisan but because his unjust and insecure method (often designed, I fear, with the object of gain rather than of presenting the truth) at least had the merits of simplicity and vividness.

Here are examples of the first sort taken from two great authorities, one English, one French: perhaps the two greatest modern names one could quote in connection with historical science, Dr. Stubbs, the Bishop of Oxford, and Fustel de Coulanges.

Dr. Stubbs is speaking about those German tribes whom he believed to be the ancestors of the English. He

says, "The arable land was occupied by the community as a body." That is, the ancient Germans did not possess the institution of private property in land. Now this is one of the most disputed points in all history. There is no real proof behind it one way or the other so he has to back it up with a footnote: here is the footnote:

Tac. Germ. c. 26: "agri pro numero cultorum ab universis in vices (al. vicis) occupantur, quos mox inter se secundum dignationem partiuntur." If the reading "in vices" be retained and the annual change of allotment be understood, this passage must be translated, "The fields are alternately occupied by the whole body of cultivators according to the number, and these they afterwards divide among themselves according to their individual estimation." But Dr. Waltz, with good MS. authority, prefers to read *vicis* and to understand the statement as referring to initial occupation: "The lands are occupied by the collective townships according to the number of cultivators, and these they afterwards divide among themselves (the cultivators) according to the estimation." The passage is confessedly one of great difficulty. See for an account of the very numerous interpretations, Waltz, *D.V.G.* i. 140-148. See also G. L. von Maurer, *Einleitg.* pp. 5, 6.

Fustel de Coulanges is arguing in his second volume that the conception of a Caesar, an absolute monarch of the whole Empire (the antithesis of the Feudal conception), survived into the ninth century. Here again is a highly disputed point. So, having made his statement, he puts among a hundred other portions of his pleading, this:

Every man who had sworn fealty to the King as King swore again to the Emperor as Caesar. Capitulary of 802, Boretius, p. 92; Pertz, *Leges*, 1, 91; Baluze, 1, 363, 378 [cf. sup. p. 247, n. 11].

Now that is learning, high learning,

and it is pleading, good pleading: but it is not history. It is not a story told which the citizen can appreciate and read and lay to heart. It is all Greek to the citizen. It is to history what a piece of chemical analysis is to the medicine which one swallows and which makes one well. I am not saying for a moment that the thing is not necessary. What I am saying is that this mass of scholarly argument which has marked so much of modern history is no satisfactory alternative for the new method which I postulate as necessary for our time. It may be a foundation for it, but it is not a substitute for it. With the partisans it is worse by far.

I open Renan's *History of the People of Israel* and I find quietly stated and in beautiful prose as though it were a simple historical fact "that the human race developed from a number of origins in a number of separate parts of the Globe."

There is not a shred of evidence given. It is a mere statement. But the general reader no doubt takes it for history. The directness, the simplicity and the good presentation of the falsehood make it seem almost like that second method which I am postulating. It has all the directness and appeal of a true resurrection of the past—the only trouble is that the past it pretends to resurrect was never there at all.

I open Blunt's *History of the Reformation in England* and I find on the second page of it what the author calls "An axiom." The "Axiom" runs thus: "The Church of England has had a continuous and never-ceasing vitality in every stage of its ancient and modern existence."

I open Green's *Making of England* and I read a picturesque description of the way in which "our forefathers" sternly hewed their way up the Valley to York—during the pirate invasions

of the fifth century. The picture sprang entirely from the writer's imagination; it bears no reference to any historical record whatever.

I open Bright's *School History* and I find (on page 226 of the first volume) a map of Crécy which is direct, simple and easy to grasp. It must by this time have been copied by thousands of school boys and school girls to the order of their masters and mistresses. It makes of the battle an exceedingly clear and comprehensible thing. But it has this defect, that it bears no relation whatsoever to the actual field! The woods, the hills, the watercourses and the town of Crécy itself have been put down at random by someone who had not looked at any map of the place and perhaps had not so much as spoken to anyone who had been there.

Now this sort of history, which I have called "Partisan History" and which might be better termed, "History written to sell," is obviously much worse for us than mere ignorance; and that is true whether it concerns an unmoral detail like the plan of a battle, or a matter of the highest moral significance like the uprooting of the Catholic Church in this country at the Reformation.

It succeeds because it does possess that quality of direct and vivid presentation which the general reader demands, and it works in the field of hypothesis (or worse) with instruments that should only be used in the field of facts.

I say, a time such as our own demands the presentation of the past in a form demonstrably true: and that we should have such a presentation given with a detail and yet a vigor which the chronicle can only supply in matters the reader is already acquainted with, or in connection with institutions and with a life which he understands and takes for granted.

I think there is a method to which

our modern advantages particularly lend themselves and which will succeed in providing just such history, true, voluminous and absolute as the time demands. I think that what I have called "the new method" is feasible, and what is more I believe we can point to its beginnings and to examples of it already apparent in modern literature. A few such examples will go far to prove my case.

I will first cite them and then submit them to analysis. Here is a passage from Lenotre:

"It is 7 o'clock in the morning. The Parliament is beginning its discussion in the Riding School of the Palace. On the eight steps outside there is an almost indescribable confusion and tumult. In the narrow corridor which leads from the hall to the lane of the feuillants a crowd half panic-stricken surges: murders have taken place and severed heads appear above the crowd on pikes. Suddenly a man comes breathlessly to the bar to say that the King and his family are crossing the garden and are coming to the Parliament to take refuge there. Almost at the same moment, at the great door which opens wide on to the steps, the soldiers of the Guard with fixed bayonets march in, trying to force their way through the crowd. There is a cry of 'No soldiers! no arms!' and the members of the Parliament themselves rise to thrust back the soldiers. It is just at this moment that the King is first seen; then in the midst of the seething and moving mass of people one makes out the Queen, Madame Elizabeth holding the hands of the little Princess Royal, and, last of all, a Grenadier of the Militia carrying the Dauphin, whom he lifts up in safety over the heads of the crowd."

I have translated freely in order to give a true impression of the original, and I would beg the reader to note closely the nature of this passage.

It reads more like what we are accustomed to see in journalism or in a novel than in history: but that is only a superficial judgment, caused by the association of ideas. We have here a vast number of facts thrown together in an order that makes them so striking as to present a true picture. Only the weather is lacking; and that Lenotre mentions a little later: the intense sunlight and the heat of that early morning of August 10, 1792. Every adjective, every substantive and every verb contains a definite historical truth, ascertainable, concrete, objective; not one presupposes (apparently) a moral hypothesis or the passing of a judgment upon the time.

Of what value then, one may say, is this as history—since it is the function of history to judge and to present the action of man, a moral being?

Its value lies in this: *that when you have presented the mere physical picture so vividly and so truly, a great number of false judgments, a whole series of moral actions in the men concerned, which bias might presuppose, are seen to be impossible.* You have seen the men at work.

In other words, this method of history which depends upon the gathering of a great number of physical and objective impressions, frames and limits the subjective part of history in such a manner as to subject the relation of motive and of human actions to much the same standard as they receive from our daily sight and hearing and touch of contemporary things.

One of the disputed points in history is whether Robespierre was shot by Merda or whether he shot himself.

The point has been argued from physical evidence and from moral. It is important, for it both concludes a remarkable historical career and illuminates, one way or the other, the character of a principal historic personage.

See how this modern method which

I plead for would approach the problem. It would not neglect either the subjective or the objective evidence, but it would lay a foundation for judging the matter by giving the reader an almost personal acquaintance with Robespierre *from outside*.

He would be noted in his tricks, his gestures, his clothes, his daily habits, almost as though you had seen him. You would come to know him pushing his spectacles up over his forehead to speak to his audience, settling them down again to read his manuscript to them; walking simply enough with his great dog; talking pedantically, yet nobly and sincerely, to his intimates; you would perceive his absurd little vanities; you would mark him standing in front of the bust of himself and beside a picture of himself, talking to his admirers; you would observe his indifference to nervous strain, how little he felt noise or lack of sleep; you would follow his careful toilet, you would see his really attractive smile and his bright, light-gray eyes, you would note his attachment to a few friends marred by a self absorption in manner, which too often made him seem indifferent and which always rendered him grossly tactless. In general, you would see the man as a contemporary might have seen him; not indeed piercing the intimate veils of personality (for no human being can boast of doing so in the observation of another), but judging the man from all external evidences as we judge a fellow being of our own time.

With such an equipment you would be far better prepared to judge the details of his supposed attempted suicide than anyone who had neglected the method of which I speak.

As with the details of history so with the large sweeps of it. Present to a man an Elizabethan village. Show him the small holdings; the number of virtual freeholds still remaining; the

respect for the lord; the type of road that would command its communications with the market town, and that market town with London; the physical habits of its parson; the external daily occupations of its people—and he will be able to understand the vast and disastrous revolution which the wealthy effected in English life between 1555 and 1580 as he could not understand it from a mere consultation of the documents of ecclesiastical or diplomatic history.

I might sum the whole thing up and say, by the use of a mathematical metaphor, that it is our business nowadays to *integrate*.

Integration consists in the putting together of a mass of infinitely small details, so that the sum of them shall take on body and form. Integration is what we do when we look with our eyes upon physical nature. We integrate when we recognize a voice or gesture as certainly belonging to someone whom we know. And we must integrate the dead past if we are to make it live.

But now, at the very close of my plea, I must very briefly consider two aspects of this new method.

First, is it one possible of achievement? Secondly, is there any criterion by which we may judge whether the historian using it is acting honestly or no?

As to the first point: I believe integration nowadays to be quite possible with at least many set periods of the past.

The character of historical study in our time is that it has accumulated an enormous mass of detail. Our science permits us to reconstruct the veritable external aspects of things upon any one of a very large number of occasions with which our historical curiosity for the past is concerned. Selection is necessary of course in that vast mass, but if our selection be guided by a de-

sire to present the most vivid things, it is not very difficult of achievement. The process is intensely laborious. No other writing of history is to be compared with it for sheer toil. No one man could cover more than a small section even of a limited field. But where the scholar is concerned with vision and where he begins with vision before he attempts interpretation, he can, to-day, succeed. The material for his building is there. It is before him in superabundance.

As to the second point, whether there is any criterion by which we may judge whether the integration presented to us be honest or no, I confess there is no such criterion available to the general reader. But, on the other hand, if the task of writing such history be approached by many men, competition will decide.

It is quite easy for the general reader to distinguish between a picture which accumulates objective detail and one in which the artist has shirked the labor which that accumulation involves. Between two men who each pretend to have accomplished this kind of work, the sincere man will at once convince where the insincere man will not; for in the first place he will be impregnable to attack in his details and in the second place his facts will co-ordinate and fit in one with the other. If only a few men are at work upon this method in a particular field, there will be room for the charlatan. Where many men are at work the real picture will tell and will stand out against every false one, in the same way as reality tells and stands out against illusions or make-believes.

Upon this I base my conclusion that this new method in history is at once possible of achievement and recognizable in the long run to those before whom it is presented, and if it be attempted by the younger generation of historical writers we may have a solid

foundation of truth which will make of the past something very different from a wrangling ground for expert authorities, whose different theories have hitherto bewildered the lay public and have

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more recently disgusted it with that form of knowledge which is necessary to a comprehension of the State: history.

*Hilaire Belloc.*

### THE CANT OF SOCIAL SINCERITY.

Does the present cult—we might almost say the present cant—of sincerity make for social amenity? It is surely doubtful, to say the least. The social world, at any rate, is a stage, whatever the real world may be. The chief parts are assigned to women; the by-play and the wording are always new, but the plot does not change with the ages, and the play is by no means an altogether extempore affair. The actors depend upon each other, and wait for their cues, even though these may not be verbal. Of course, the social world is not synonymous with the great world any more than “the urban population” is synonymous with the dwellers in London. There is a society everywhere, and a play going on in it in which all, except the mass, are both actors and spectators. Conditions differ in detail in different parts of the social world, just as conditions differ in detail in different towns of the same country, but fundamentally they are alike. The latest stage convention is roughness—everywhere—and it bids fair to destroy the delicate nuances of the play. Why roughness should be supposed to denote sincerity it is hard to say, since roughness is a common affection, and very few educated women are naturally rough. We suppose that that ubiquitous force, reaction, must be looked to for an explanation. But, whatever the cause of the present affectation of sincerity, its result is sameness.

Take a small matter to begin with—the question of the inflections of the

voice. There was a time when the sound of voices at a little distance gave some vague suggestion of the nature of the subject which occupied the speakers. Nowadays everything is discussed in the same tone. To give or to receive a piece of bad news—though it had no personal effect on anyone present—with voluble cheerfulness is certainly not art, neither, for that matter, is it nature; it is simply affectation—an affectation of sincerity. It is true, no doubt, that there is a certain pleasure in conveying any news, and a certain pleasure in hearing it—even though it be bad—so long as it does not concern ourselves or those whom we love as ourselves; but the pleasure is not fiendish—it is dramatic. This is a fact which it is surely good for the community to keep before their minds, and it is, if we may be allowed a paradoxical phrase, most naturally expressed by a little acting. It is perfectly legitimate in the hearer to heighten the dramatic effect; indeed, it is unsocial to ignore it. To insist upon saying to all and sundry that we enjoy the news, and are indifferent to its nature, is absurd. We decrease its interest even as we speak, and so add to the dulness of the world. Until lately, intimacy or special kindness was suggested by inflections of the voice. Now the same hard tones do for everyone, and women address their dearest friends and their own children very often, much as they might address a strange policeman. The loss of variety in address is a considerable loss, for in

England we are not rich in forms, and have no substitute for the French and German "thee" and "thou." No doubt the older fashion led to affection. So do all fashions. The pleasanter affection should always be preferred.

Again, there are certain modern social traditions which have stood for a long time, and whose origin marked a social advance from which, in the pursuit of sincerity, we are going back. It has been for generations an understood thing that we do not visit each other primarily for the sake of what we can get, though it is impossible to eliminate that consideration as secondary. Originally no doubt feasting came first. Men met to eat rather than to talk, and social life languishes among the poor because food is scarce. When wealth first began to be the fashion, a polite fiction was maintained that it still constituted but a lesser part of social attraction. Now its charms are quite openly acknowledged. People do not keep up a pretence of seeking the rich because they like them. In very many cases they would be sorry to be thought to have such bad taste. Again, we are speaking of society as a whole—not of those circles whose doings are chronicled in newspapers, and not of those "rich" whose wealth is sufficient to ensure power—we are speaking of the whole social world: of the majority of that world where wealth means nothing more than motor-cars and many servants, and much fine food and some degree of display. Nowadays many of these rich people are as openly criticized as they are openly sought—for what the seeker can get. No one makes any pretence that if they were poor they would go near them. The word "poor" brings to mind another instance of affected sincerity. It is the fashion among the lesser rich not only to make sham confessions of economy, but to complain of actual poverty, in a manner which the

real poor must regard as cynical, and which must make them distrustful of all public expression of sympathy. Such "crocodile" complaints serve no purpose but to inform the world that the complainer would be still more at home in a more "lordly pleasure house" than the one in which he finds himself.

Turn now to the subject of "old friends." There has been since the beginning of what we call modern times a certain amount of struggle upwards plainly observable in every province of the world of society. Different peaks attract different mountaineers. The sunny atmosphere which surrounds the highly born is considered a tonic by some—the smell of money refreshes many—and a prominent situation attracts more. This is natural; it is not therefore inevitable, but it is excusable. Before these days of bare sincerity a social stage tradition existed which provided for the treatment of old friends. The outward forms of courtesy were maintained towards them, even at a sacrifice. All such pretence is out of fashion. The very disagreeable and cynical expression about kicking down the ladder was invented, it is true, a good many years ago—when the sound of its clatter was rare and more remarkable. Now social aspirations are openly expressed and social nerves are strained to the uttermost without disguise, and all impedimenta are discarded as soon as the goal is fairly in view. The race is a very ugly sight; now and then the fact strikes even those who are racing.

But if people do, and intend to do, all these rather contemptible things, is it not much better that they should throw aside all disguise and do them? Is it not always best to be sincere? One wonders, as one asks oneself this question, whether, after all, they are sincere. They used to do very much the same things, but they were ashamed, and the probability is that

they are ashamed still, only they will not show it. After all, sincerity does not consist in being ashamed to be ashamed. It is hardly more sincere to declare that one's ideal is on a par with one's practice than it is to pretend that one's practice is on a par with one's ideal. Perhaps the former plan is a little more advantageous to one's own soul. A more important matter than that, perhaps, is the effect produced by this spurious sincerity upon the rising generation. It has always been considered allowable to say—in effect, if not in words—to children, "Do as I say, rather than as I do." It is better that they should think that we have an ideal and fall below it than that they should arrive at the crude and false conclusion that we have no ideal at all,

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and that our social conscience is a purely negative one, and says only, "Avoid hypocrisy." Example, we know, is better than precept, but what about the result when neither is visible? Where example is all that can be desired there is really very little need for precept and certainly none for pretence. But, as things are, the young women of to-day are surely disporting themselves in a very bad atmosphere. Would it not be well to pump in a little oxygen by paying a little more homage to highmindedness? After all, the world gives us no reason to suppose that in doing so we should be paying homage to a fiction. Self-interest, after all, can never be the strongest social force. Its action is in the end disintegrating.

## EAST AND WEST.

Every summer witnesses a growth in the number of international congresses designed to collect and organize the knowledge and efforts of those who, in various countries, are working for some common object of humanity, the progress of some particular science or art, the discussion of some practical problem of common interest in the realm of public health, commerce, or politics, the advancement of some religious, philosophical, or moral tenet. Nowhere do we find a more genuine testimony to the growing reality of internationalism than in this triumph of a cause, an interest, an idea over the obstacles of space, nationality, and language. But a singular value attaches to the gathering which took place during the last week of July in the buildings of London University, the first Universal Races Congress. Those who first mooted the idea of assembling representative members of the various white and colored races

for a thoughtful and sympathetic consideration of the present and future relations between them, were greeted in some quarters with frank incredulity. The magnitude, and, as it seemed to some, the vagueness and impracticability, of such a gathering told against it in the first preparatory stage. Even its initiators dared not hope for a reception so favorable as has actually been accorded to the Congress among men of leading influence in so many countries. The many tentative experiments towards the establishment of stable formal relations between the Governments of Western nations are but one important aspect of that internationalism, which is the greatest constructive work that lies before our century. The political and economic absorption by the different Western Nations of large tracts of Asia and Africa, and other lands peopled by colored races, has made great advances during recent years, and has opened up

problems of profound significance affecting the interests, rights, and duties of races which are distinguished, respectively, as white and colored, dominant and subject, higher and lower, advanced and backward. But the awakening of Asia to the impact of Western civilization is doing more than anything else to force attention to these inter-racial problems.

"For East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," sings our superficial poet of imperialism. No doubt history gives some specious support to the generalization. Western armies, from time immemorial, have traversed in conquering careers the great Asiatic plains, and their bloody tracks have speedily been covered, leaving not a trace. Western monarchs have, from time to time, established a brief reign of force and plunder in the fabled treasure-houses of the East. In recent generations, partly by compulsion, partly by insinuating enterprise, Western trade has penetrated far and wide, even into the most secluded corners of the Continent. But none of these happenings did more than ruffle faintly the surface of Oriental life. Even the more solid and lasting conquest of the great Indian Continent has only brought the superficial contacts of imposed political rule, roadmaking and such commerce and industrial interference as follow the facts and the finance of government. This formal and material contact has been accompanied by singularly little spiritual contact of any sort. Our best-meaning Anglo-Indians have been most outspoken in their confession that the inner life of India, the thoughts, feelings, and vital institutions of its peoples, remain a sealed book to its governors. Since all true government of self or others can only be based upon a sympathetic experience of the inner springs of action, this is really a terrible admission, carrying immeas-

urable certainties of wrong and suffering to both of those concerned in such unnatural intercourse. The need for such understanding of subject peoples as is possible, has, perhaps, even greater urgency for upholders than for opponents of imperialism. If our people is either to conduct itself with safety and with credit in the greatest and most formidable enterprise to which it has ever bent its energies, or to retire from an ultimately untenable position with safety and with honor, Briton and Indian must learn more of one another's motives, inner capabilities, and valuations than they have hitherto been able to do.

But for the Western world at large a far more tangled and swiftly maturing set of problems is presented by the rapid changes in the Far East. In a score of places China is beginning now to assimilate the wisdom of the West. In less than another generation her railroad, mining, and electrical equipment will have brought the greater part of this vast teeming country up to the standard of modern material civilization, and will have brought into world-intercourse, on some terms or other, the hugest fund of hidden economic and spiritual forces that the world contains.

Every sane reflective person, either of a Western or an Eastern race, must recognize the perils and the waste involved in drifting so rapidly into the new inter-racial and international external relations here indicated, without any serious attempt to lay foundations of mutual understanding and goodwill. For comparatively little will have been won for civilization by standardizing the arts of government and material good order for the inhabitants of advanced white countries, if the sea of this wider inter-racialism, with its incalculable tides, is allowed to break over the barriers, uncontrolled and uncontrollable. So obvious are these

risks to those who, either by habit of thought or actual experience, have been forced to consider differences of race, that an exceedingly wide support has been given to the Races Congress. Though issues of current political import were not, of course, excluded, they were subordinated to the larger purpose of the Congress, which was to afford a sober and reflective inquiry into the conditions of race-contact which make for the mutual understanding, goodwill, and peaceful co-operation of diverse races. The influential character of the Congress may be gathered

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from the following statement in the final programme: "Among the supporters are over thirty Presidents of Parliament, the majority of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and of the Delegates to the Second Hague Conference, twelve Colonial Governors, and eight Colonial Prime Ministers, over forty Colonial Bishops, some one hundred-and-thirty Professors of International Law, the leading Anthropologists and Sociologists, and the officers and the majority of the Council of the Inter-Parliamentary Union."

## PROMISING BEGINNINGS.

We understand that a suggestion has been recently made that a Central Bureau be established with a view to providing likely titles to distracted novelists. Not to be outdone in a cause—the encouragement of literature—which we have always made our own, we beg to announce our intention of going one better. It is not, we believe, so much the lack of titles that has deprived the public of that great wealth of unwritten novels which might even now have been upon our bookstalls, as the difficulty which the writer experiences of getting under way—the icy and forbidding aspect of the blank white sheet that stonily repels the pen.

We have pleasure therefore in giving below a first instalment, by Our Own Expert, of *Promising Beginnings*.

### FOR AN HISTORICAL NOVEL.

I am a plain, blunt man; and John my name. I have no trick of words. For I am ever more at home, as you shall see—else is my task ill done—with halberd and with musketoon and a score of stout fellows at my back than cramped and cabined at the toll of the scrivener. But as it hath so

happened that false rumor is abroad and the memory of my dear lord is like to suffer for it, and none remains but I to tell the truth of this my tale, I needs must make the best on't. For I have played my part, albeit but an humble one, in great affairs; and yet plain John, am I, and blunt at that.

It fell out, then, on a fair June morning that my lord rode forth—

### FOR A MID-VICTORIAN ROMANCE.

That night in the cellars of the gentry through bin and bottle froze the ruddy wine; and on the humble doorstep of the poor the morning's milk was solid in the can. For such a frost struck at the heart of this old England as even old Bill Widdlecombe, who has lived below the Dell these fifty years, could not call to mind the match of.

And the first I heard of it—

### FOR A FEUILLETON.

Lady Martha Stanley curled herself up on the sofa, impatiently flicking the ash off her cigarette with the point of her scarlet slipper.

"There is not a word of truth in it," she said coldly. "I didn't."

The Vicomte Cordon de Val smiled indulgently.

"Oh, yes, you did," he observed.

"I tell you I didn't."

"Yes, you did."

"I never did."

"You did."

"Didn't."

"Did."

There was a long pause. The room resounded to the snap of his steel-gray eyes as he gazed intently at her.

"And what if I did?" she said at last.

He had conquered.

#### FOR A STORY TO BE ENTITLED "FROM KAILYARD TO CABINET."

The whaups (*see Glossary*) were calling far and wide across the purple moor as Davie reached the brig (bridge) at the foot of the Lang Brae (long hill). There he paused and cast a last, sad, hungry look at the little clachan (*see Glossary*) far above, where—well he knew—a frail old woman in a doorway was watching, through her tears, the fast-retreating form of "her ain laddie." The whaups continued calling.

Punch.

As he shook the drops from his plaidie (shawl), Davie then and there, in his own dour, stubborn way, registered a solemn vow that he would never cross that brig again, upon his homeward journey, till he could do so as a Cabinet Minister, in a private motor-car. Far other were the thoughts of his old mither (mother), who was trying to calculate, with her native thrift, the postage on his weekly washing. It is the way of the world. And still the whaups were calling.

The purpose of this tale is to show how Davie kept his vow; but through all the stirring scenes of his career he will not be allowed—if we can help it—to lose sight of the homely background of the little clachan, the mither at the wash-tub—and the calling of the whaups.

#### GLOSSARY.

*Whaup:* A moor-bird, frequenting the graves of martyrs.

*Clachan:* A sort of small village where it is raining and they burn peat.

## PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

The maxim "one man one vote" has long been endorsed by democratic thinkers in this country, but the complementary propositions "one vote one value and proportional representation of opinions" have not yet taken root. Historical causes have made our system of representation territorial, and members of Parliament are elected by people who inhabit, or are otherwise connected with, small geographical districts, each of which elects one or two members. This no doubt has always had the merit of simplicity, and may have been the only practicable scheme in past times; but the advantages are now much less than they used to be, and the system is increasingly unsatis-

factory. For, with the development of transport facilities common interests, common sympathies and opinions may be spread over a wide area. The question where a man lives has a much smaller force in determining his opinions than in former times, and the separate representation of small electoral areas does not tend to produce an exact representation of the public opinion of the country in the legislative body. The man who lives in any locality has to vote in that place for one of several candidates each of whose views he may dislike. He might prefer to vote for a candidate in an adjoining constituency, or perhaps for a candidate at the other end of the coun-

try, if he were permitted to do so. But he is not, and consequently he has to choose between not recording his vote at all, and voting for a candidate with whom he more or less disagrees. This is one good reason, at any rate, for lending a favorable ear to the advocates of proportional representation. Another is that men of high character and ability who fail to satisfy the Party Whips could find their way into the House of Commons. Discussing the problem in a recent book<sup>1</sup> Mr. Humphreys, hon. secretary of the Proportional Representation Society, puts his case well. The question is one which Mr. Humphreys has thoroughly mastered; and it is one which, in view of the likelihood of large reforms, is of the first importance. Is the House of Commons fully representative? Or has the time come for adopting a better system in the election of our national representatives? Mr. Humphreys takes as his text the well-known definition of John Stuart Mill: "In a really equal democracy any and every section would be represented, not disproportionately, but proportionately. A majority of the electors would always have a majority of the representatives; but a minority of electors would always have a minority of the representatives." We learn by a careful analysis and by numerous examples the strange results to which our present system is liable, how these false impressions of public opinion are made the basis of legislation, and how thereby the authority of the House of Commons is weakened. Within the last few years the rise of a new party has produced fresh difficulties in representation, difficulties for which the second ballot, or the modified form of it known as the alternative vote, has been proposed as a solution. Mr. Humphreys shows

by examples drawn from countries in which either the second ballot or the alternative vote is in force that far from solving the problem of three parties seeking representation, this proposal may render the representation of each party more uncertain than under the present system. In what is called "proportional representation," Mr. Humphreys finds the remedy, and in this opinion he is supported by a greater authority, Lord Courtney, himself a disciple of Mill, who says in his introduction: "Among ourselves, every political writer and speaker has got some inkling of the central principle of proportional representation, and not a few feel, sometimes with reluctance, that it has come to stay, that it will indeed be worked up into our own system when the inevitable moment arrives for taking up again the reform of the House of Commons. They know and confess so much among themselves."

The first practical instance of proportional representation occurred in Denmark in 1855, when it was applied to the election of the Upper House; since then its use has been considerably extended. The Swiss Canton of Ticino adopted it in 1890 as a solution of political quarrels which had resulted in a revolution; and many other Cantons have followed her example, the most recent being St. Gall, which adopted a scheme last year. The movement towards proportional representation in Switzerland appears to be steadily gaining in favor. A complete system of proportional representation was introduced into Belgium in 1899, with satisfactory results; and among the kingdoms of Southern Germany Würtemberg has followed the example of the Swiss Cantons. Most important of all, it is probably about to be adopted in France, where Parliamentary reform is definitely promised. In Holland the principle has the

<sup>1</sup> "Proportional Representation." A Study in Methods of Election. By John H. Humphreys. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Lord Courtney of Penwith. (London) Methuen and Co. 5s net.

support of many of the leading statesmen; and in Finland and Sweden it has been adopted with success. During the last year an instalment of the system has found its way to Republican Portugal, for four large constituencies, each returning ten members. In the Union of South Africa proportional representation has been adopted in the election of the Senate, and in Tasmania, where the House of Representatives is elected on this principle, it is said to work very smoothly. Sir Elliott Lewis, speaking at the annual meeting of the Proportional Representation Society, said that the percentage of spoiled papers in that island was only 2.86. This goes to meet the objection so commonly urged against the proposal that it is too complicated for the elector to understand.

The scheme suggested for our adoption follows broadly that put forward by Thomas Hare in 1857. Its distinguishing feature was "the single transferable vote," and all later proposals in English-speaking countries have been associated with this idea. The working of the single transferable vote may be illustrated by one example. Birmingham is divided into seven single-member constituencies, and the majority in each case secures a representative, while the minority is unrepresented. Supposing that there were in Birmingham 40,000 Unionists, 20,000 Liberal, and 10,000 Labor votes, it may easily happen that the Unionists will have a majority in each of the seven divisions, and if so, the 40,000 Unionists would obtain the seven seats and the remaining 30,000 voters none. The trans"erable vote would enable these 70,000 citizens to group themselves into seven sections of equal size, each returning one member, so that there

would be four Unionist members, two Liberal, and one Labor—clearly a just representation. The different methods of applying this principle are explained by Mr. Humphreys with considerable detail and many useful illustrations, such as the model election organized by the Proportional Representation Society in 1908. This experiment showed that elections conducted on the principle of proportional representation were by no means so complicated, regarded either from the point of view of the voter, or of the counting agents, as was widely supposed. Of course, if the whole country were converted into a single electoral area the scheme might become unworkable, but with electoral areas of a moderate size, in which the electors can easily get to know the qualifications of the various candidates, the difficulties would not be overwhelming. It would be well to begin with London and a few large towns. The Royal Commission on Electoral Systems was rather dubious as to whether proportional representation is immediately desirable for the House of Commons. But Lord Courtney reminds us that the Royal Commission of last spring, while declining to advise the adoption of the principle "here and now," were careful to show that they had no irresistible objection. The Commission, however, reported in favor of this method for selecting senators to sit in a Second Chamber of the Legislature. It would certainly, we think, be the best way of creating a Senate on the basis of popular election, such as is foreshadowed in the preamble of the Parliament Bill. But in that case Mr. Methuen's objection to the creation of two competing elective Chambers would have much weight.

## THE RIGHTNESS OF POPULAR SPEECH.

The people have always loved to call a spade a spade. In the expression of their loathing and abhorrence of cruelty this has particularly been the case. Shelley, if we remember rightly, speaks of a poet as "a nerve along which creep the else unfelt oppressions of the world." We question the justice of this. The plain, common man, the man in the street, feels the oppressions of the world intensely. The poets interpret and express this honest, normal, common feeling of mankind. By the poets we mean the makers of large elemental literature. Some miscreant, let us suppose, commits a loathsome outrage on humanity. David says, "Let indignation vex him even as a thing that is raw;" Dante puts him by name in the lowest circle of the Inferno; Dickens describes with gusto his final ignominious exit from the scene. These writers do not mince their words. They reflect and interpret in their grand manner the instinctive feeling of average mankind. "It's pretty beastly," says the plain man, if in a mild mood. Superior persons are unmoved; they weigh their words and talk in tame conventional language; in their aversion from sensationalism and the crude violence of the mob, they become inclined to defend, and to talk of wholesome impulses finding an admittedly irregular expression. But the great poets feel exactly as the plain man does. So David, and Dante, and Dickens are immortal; they live and endure; they will continue to do so when the chatteringings of centuries of the solemn triflers are sunk in an echoless oblivion. After two thousand years Broad Church ecclesiastics find themselves, *nolens volens*, repeating David's curses; after six centuries bloodless professors are la-

boriously commentating every syllable of Dante's scorn. In their deathless words the conscience of humanity finds its constant expression. Mr. Chesterton, in his recent book on Dickens, says that while all sorts of people were crying "Investigate," "Examine," "Report," Dickens cried out "Stop!"

In one way, the plain man also is a poet; he is the maker, the finder of the popular proverbs and phrases, which put the whole of Dante, the whole of Dickens, in half-a-dozen stinging, biting words. The people revenge themselves on the persecutor by some epithet which will stick to him in *sacra saculorum*. They called Mary Tudor "Bloody Mary," and through all re-readings of history, through all vicissitudes of theological opinion, while England is England, "Bloody Mary" will her Majesty remain. Many old English phrases have always seemed to us to express this abhorrence of cruelty in a very felicitous manner. When Bunyan makes Mr. Cruelty say of Christian, "hanging's too good for him," he seems to us to strike a false note. The phrase rightly belongs, not to the cruel man, but to the righteous hater of cruelty. All such sayings as "he ought to be tarred and feathered," express the plain man's abhorrence of any kind of serious malefactor; but as a matter of fact, they are generally reserved for such creatures as the torturers of children. "I wouldn't touch him with a pair of tongs," "I wouldn't be seen in a forty-acre field with him," are other expressions of popular abhorrence. This abhorrence is not confined to cruelty, but it is of cruelty that it is pre-eminently felt. The official moralists have hardly considered cruelty to be a sin at all. To the people it is the sin of sins. The persons experienced in education,

the professional philanthropists, the disinterested tollers in the great cause of juvenile reform, the founders of Orders of the Good Shepherd, may not feel this abhorrence; they have, no doubt, other and higher aims before their eyes, from which they are not distracted by a mere carnal tenderness for the sufferings of sinful flesh; but the poet and the humanist, and the plain man always feel it. "I would willingly spit on his statue," wrote Charles Lamb, of John Howard, the philanthropist, one of the "sprouts of whose brain" was "the fancy of dungeons for children." The plain man has the same feeling about an eminent schoolmaster, of whom Erasmus tells us that he would take a little boy just confided to his care by a tender and anxious mother, and having hastily arranged some pretext, would lash him till he almost fainted, saying, "not that he altogether deserves it, but it serves to humble him." It is supposed that Colet is the "eminent schoolmaster" to whom Erasmus refers. Charles Lamb and the first passing chimney-sweep would speak of Colet in much the same terms. There is, indeed, at all times a refreshing similarity between the language of the great poets and of the common people. "I ain't a-goin' to waste my breath on the likes of her," said Mrs. Perkins. "Non ragonam di lor" says Dante. Both alike are worlds away from the wearisome and unreal verbiage which more conventional and measured classes use, at least in their deliberate moments.

Many phrases in use everywhere admirably express the unvarying popular belief in the justice of the ordering of the world, the inadequacy of the refuge of lies, the final impossibility of gagging and stifling the truth. Such are "it'll come home to him," and "murder will out." The people have no more cherished conviction than that a bully is always a coward. It would

possibly be more true to say that a bully is not so much a coward as a brave man, valiant with that truest valor of which discretion is the better part. There is one popular phrase which has always seemed to us to pack whole volumes into its half-dozen words—"He's shaking in his shoes." This is said of the panic terror of the yet unpunished malefactor, seeking to hush up his crime, to distract attention from the rumor of it. Here we have "The wicked fleeth when no man pursueth" of David, the "Conscience, that noiseless whip with unseen thongs," of Juvenal, the "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," of Shakespeare. Such a man shudders at shadows, starts at noises.

#### Shadows to-night

Have struck more terror to the soul of  
Richard

Than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers

is a superb expression in the great manner of this cowed and abject fear. Many phrases drawn from the observation of animals delightfully express the popular delight in the popular discomfiture and downfall of a bully. Such similes are, for example, "he's got his tail between his legs," "he's very crest-fallen," "his comb's cut," "he's drawn in his horns." The taunting French and Italian proverbs warning the man with the wax head not to go into the sun of publicity, the man with the straw tail to beware of its catching fire, have an even more vivid version in the Yankee saying about "the man with tallow legs going down into hell." In such sayings as, "give him rope enough and he'll hang himself," one feels that the wish is father to the thought. The hope is that the spider of the morning is already swiftly descending above the culprit's head, weaving her rope as she goes.

All this popular vindictiveness seems to us essentially righteous. It is re-

served for such things as "make a goblin of the sun." It is the reverse of the feeling of the homely sweetness of the everyday familiar things which the miscreant is felt to have outraged. How delightful are such phrases as "right as rain!" The summer rain falls on the thirsty earth, on turnip fields in flower, on chestnut trees, on the white, dusty road with passing mares and foals, and carts of butcher and chimney-sweep. How good it all is! "Right as ninepence" again expresses all the natural human delight in buying and selling, in chattering in the open air, in all the neighborliness of market day. This is far from the Inferno, this good world we know. "As fit as a fiddle" again means as right and good as that music to which the dancers go on village greens on sunburnt summer evenings. "To sell like hot cakes" is very pleasant. It calls up the white-capped pastrycooks with their trays of gauffrettes and madeleines, moving among the Sunday throng of the Luxembourg Gardens. Another variation of this is "to sell like ripe cherries." All sorts of delightful fancies are evoked by this phrase, the old London street-cry "Cherry ripe," the first baskets of the fresh delicious

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fruit in their green leaves, the bunch of juicy cherries given one day by a kind-eyed French woman to a thirsty traveller in a crowded train, "pour rafraîchir la bouche." One popular saying has always seemed to us beautiful beyond compare, fit to describe the satisfaction of the utmost love and yearning—"a sight for sore eyes." That is the face that you so longed to see, coming in upon you—suddenly in the lonely evening. It is the Child brought into the Temple, whom at last the half-blinded watchers saw.

With this feeling of goodness and sweetness of human life, and of anger against those who torture and darken it, there goes always in true popular phraseology the sense of trust in a large over-ruling purpose. This apparently takes the form of an intense fatalism. It is expressed in the saying that "if you're born to be hanged you'll never be drowned." This is the most intimate conviction of the people everywhere. It is their quaint renderings of the thought that we are in the hold of guiding hands, and of the exhortation to take no thought for the morrow, for the morrow will take thought for the things of itself, by which they so largely live.

### THE HOOTING NUISANCE.

Nothing that concerns the mechanical life of our time has gone through such a rapid evolution as the motor-car. It seems but yesterday that we were reading of, or taking part in, hazardous journeys of ten miles by road, heavily equipped with repairing apparatus and provisioned for twenty-four hours. It seems but yesterday that public opinion all over the country was gradually waking up, holding up its hands in wonder, and saying, "The motor-car has come to stay." And

all the while the motor-car has been not staying, but pursuing its inevitable way, imposing itself upon the world in ways both fortunate and unfortunate. It began by being a scientific experiment, went on to become the instrument of the adventurous, then became the toy of the rich, then the ambition of the poor, and finally the servant of everyone. Ten years ago it was a fantastic luxury, and to-day it is a dire necessity. From being the plaything of society it has come to domi-

nate society. It is now our tyrant, so that at last we have turned in revolt against it, and begun to protest against its arrogant ways. We have often wondered how long the most highly civilized community in the world would endure the frightful din with which the motor has invaded parts of London that but lately were sacred to peace and dignity; but evidently the limit of endurance has been reached. If one quarter of the changes of street traffic that have happened in the last ten years had come upon London suddenly, they would not have been tolerated; but the changes have been so gradual, the nuisances have been so wonderfully mingled with benefits, and the whole system of traffic so greatly accelerated, that the increase in noise passed almost unnoticed. Now, however, public opinion has at last realized that we are in danger of the very worst stage of the Americanization of London—the stage of noise.

Compared with other great capitals, London has always been a quiet city; even in its busiest thoroughfares, such as Piccadilly or the Strand or London Bridge, the note has always been a deep note and the sound a steady and pervading sound, like the sound of a river tide, and the chief element in it used to be the beat of innumerable horses' feet. But that is quite changed. Instead of the crepititation of thousands of tapping hoofs on the pavement we have the definite mechanical buzz of the motor for ground tone, rapidly waxing and waning as vehicle approaches and passes. But this is only ground tone; above it rise all the intermittent and harsh mechanical sounds associated with the changing of gears, and at the top of the scale the sounds of the horns and hooters which are now so justly made the cause of complaint. The prophet Nahum had a very curious premonition of the motor-car when he wrote, "The chariots

shall rage in the streets, they shall justice one against another in the broad ways: they shall seem like torches, they shall run like the lightnings"; he did not add that they would roar like the thunder and trumpet like the beasts of the forest. But that is exactly what they do. Sober, Georgian Mayfair has lost its ancient peace, and there are residential streets in the heart of the West End which sometimes would rival Chicago for noise. The noises themselves we all agree are quite dreadful—loud grunts or sudden hoots, yells, squeaks, other sounds that one can only imagine to be like the death-rattle of a mastodon, and still others that frankly suggest the slaughterhouse. Fortunately no one defends the nature of these noises, but many people still think them to be necessary. If they are necessary, they can be regulated. A few years ago a serious attempt was made to keep down the noises made by itinerant musicians and vendors in the streets; but people do not realize that the existing state of affairs is equivalent to the licensing of thousands upon thousands of itinerant musicians, every one equipped with an instrument of his own choice and with formidable locomotive powers. In a quiet street in Mayfair the other evening some of these noises, audible from a chair in the quietest part of the house, were counted; and between ten minutes to eight and five minutes to eight there were heard three hundred and thirty-three blasts or notes of horns or various other mechanical devices of motor-cars—that is to say, an average of sixty-seven per minute. And when we consider that every sudden and unexpected sound is an assault upon the nervous system, which has to be met by an actual physiological process of resistance, it is easily understood that all this medley of sound is adding to the nervous strain on the community, taking its

toil of energy which we would fain reserve for finer purposes.

It is claimed in defence of the motor-horn nuisance that people would be killed if the drivers of motor-cars did not frighten them by making sudden and hideous noises. If that is so—and it is quite possible—then obviously the sooner the conditions which govern the driving of motor-cars in the streets are changed the better. It has always been claimed for the modern motor-car that it is infinitely more under control than a horse-drawn vehicle; that is to say, that it can be stopped sooner and its course diverted more quickly to avoid some obstacle. Yet it was never thought necessary to equip hansom and carriages with anything more formidable than a little tinkling bell; and the carts of the butcher and the evening newspaper—perhaps the most formidable of all horse-drawn vehicles—have never been equipped with any mechanical instrument at all. Such vehicles, if the pedestrian did not hear them or see

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them, pulled up or got out of his way. It was always understood that this course was preferable to injuring or killing the pedestrian. Now, however, it has come gradually to be assumed that the motor-car, in spite of its having come to stay, must not stay at all; it must always go on. The motorist says, in fact, to the pedestrian, "I am coming; if you do not hear my Gabriel trombone I am afraid I shall run over you." And if by any chance a chauffeur does have to pull up suddenly to avoid committing manslaughter, his face is usually a miracle of indignant expression. To pull up a motor quickly is bad for the tyres and for the machinery; it may cost quite a lot of money. But people have not yet realized that the proper alternative to pulling up suddenly is, not to kill somebody, but to drive slowly, and that rapid travel is a luxury which should be paid for, not in the lives and deaths of pedestrians, but in the tyre and repair bills of the owner.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Under the title, *St. Luke's Garden*, Albert S. Stewart has gathered a number of brief sketches of scenes and events that have become part of his own experience. That he is an ardent lover of the trees and woods is evident, as he points with the moral of conservation his descriptions of woodland walks and rides. The scenery of West Virginia, little visited by the casual tourist, its mining districts, and its wild and lovely mountain views, furnish the subject matter of one series of pen pictures, while another is grouped about the better known but no less beautiful country along the Hudson River. The author betrays the clergymen in a little tendency to sermon-

ize at the end of his chapters, as well as in a whole-souled interest in all sorts and conditions of men. Sherman French & Company.

A story of the far North with its accompanying descriptions of snow drifts, frozen lakes, dog-sledging, and the aurora borealis, strikes with suggestions of refreshing coolness the jaded reader of midsummer fiction. Such a story is *The Honor of the Big Snows*, by James Oliver Curwood. Upon the background of the life of a Hudson Bay Company's camp, beyond the Arctic Circle, fierce and half-savage, yet warm-hearted and loyal, he embroiders a golden thread of romance in the

love of the half-Indian French boy, Jan Thoreau, for the little orphan girl Mélissee. His standard of honor in that far country, upon which the story turns, is as pure as the "big snows" themselves, and brings a refreshment no less welcome than the unique setting of the story. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Readers of *The Living Age* do not need to be told how bright and clever is Arnold Bennett's four-act play "What the Public Wants," but they will be interested to know that it is published in an attractive volume by the George H. Doran Company, New York. In quite a different field, but at once entertaining and useful, is the same author's "Literary Taste and How to Form It." Whimsical certainly but sensible as well are the suggestions herein made regarding books and authors, ways of reading, style, and reasons and processes of selection, followed by brief chapters in which are definite hints as to the books one should include in one's library of the best worth while authors in the three periods running from the beginning to John Dryden, from William Congreve to Jane Austen and from Sir Walter Scott to the close of the nineteenth century. Mr. Bennett's reasons both for including certain authors and for rejecting certain others are often amusing, but his suggestions are usually well-considered and the reader who chooses to follow them will have a library of which he will not soon grow weary.

This season's fiction seems marked by an unusual number of studies of adolescence, undeniably subtle and brilliant, but unpleasant and objectionable notwithstanding. One of the most noticeable is "The Early History of Jacob Stahl," by J. D. Beresford. The subject of its searching analysis

is a youth of mixed Jewish, German and Irish blood, who forms habits of indolence and introspection through a childhood of invalidism; is relieved by the inheritance of a small property from his father, a London commercial traveller, of the necessity of anything but a perfunctory application to the work of the architect's office where he is indentured; is favored and flouted with equal shamelessness by the daughter of the local squire; comes up to London in a bitter, reactionary mood and falls under the influence of two contrasted types of men, the idler and the successful worker; makes an ill-advised marriage with a woman who fortunately forsakes him; and in the epilogue is seen, "facing with eagerness the outset of a new life, with a face that still glowed from his passing vision of the eternal values." Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. F. A. Myers, author of "The Future Citizen," evidently has the good of the rising generation very much at heart. In their interest he subjects the conditions of American life to vigorous criticism. The home, the school, the life of our cities, labor unions, socialism, and the church, all come in for a share of lively castigation. Those who believe in corporal punishment will sympathize with the writer's method. The strictures on education, however, seem pretty severe. All home life is not as bad as it is painted here. While many trenchant criticisms are made, the analysis of social conditions is not, on the whole, very close, and the effectiveness of the book is marred by the kaleidoscopic style of composition. Bits of fact, bits of quotation, bits of opinion, are tossed loosely together, for the reader to sort out as he pleases. A little more point in the paragraphs, a little more progress in the thought, would add strength. Still much should

be forgiven to the man who genuinely believes in the boy, and who has faith that the home and the church are divinely appointed institutions for his guidance. Sherman, French and Company.

Going out as a delegate to the First Pan-American Scientific Congress at Santiago, Chile, in December, 1908, and January, 1909, Mr. Hiram Bingham supplemented his earlier explorations in Colombia and Venezuela by exploring the Spanish trade route, Buenos Aires to Lima, and visiting the ancient Inca ruins at Chocquequirau, Peru. His route took him across the Argentine republic from Buenos Aires to the Bolivian frontier, on mule-back through southern Bolivia, by rail from Oruro to Antofagasta, and thence by steamer to Valparaiso. After the Congress was over he travelled across Bolivia and Peru. His experiences upon these journeys, and his observations of present-day conditions in Brazil, Argentina, Bolivia, Chile and Peru he recounts in a very attractive and fully illustrated volume "Across South America," which the discriminating reader will recognize as at once an entertaining record of travel and a shrewd and sane estimate of existing Latin-American conditions, social, commercial and political. Mr. Bingham writes picturesquely, with a keen eye to the really salient things, whether in a landscape or in social conditions; and he writes also, especially in his closing chapter summing up South American traits, with perfect candor. Altogether, his book is a genuine and valuable contribution to the general knowl-

edge of conditions in South America and a vivid presentation of the natural features, the agricultural and commercial possibilities, the growing national spirit and the political tendencies of the Latin-American republics through which the author's journeys took him. There are eighty illustrations and seven maps. Houghton Mifflin Co.

A sprightly volume in spite of its depressing title, and one that will pique the reader's curiosity on whatever page he chances to open it, is "The Passing of the American," by Monroe Royce. Returning to New York City after twelve years spent in Europe, Mr. Royce is amazed at the extent to which the ideals, habits, and even speech of the foreigner have displaced those of the native American, and this first impression of the decay of our principles and stock is confirmed by travel and investigation. Among the causes of the change he notes our lack of thoroughness in education, and our failure to teach thrift and frugality to our youth, which he contrasts strikingly with the practice of German homes and schools. He writes caustically of the esteem in which money is held, and pleads for a return to simple standards, and especially to country life. Deploring the inefficiency of Congress, he instances its tardy recognition of Commander Peary in contrast with the honors so promptly paid by Parliament to Lieutenant Shackleton. Though a touch of optimism would have left his readers in a pleasanter mood, Mr. Royce's book is suggestive and stimulating, and it should do good. Thomas Whittaker.